POEMATIA,

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Latinè partim reddita,

Partim ſcripta:

A V. BOURNE,

Collegii Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienſes aliquando Socio.

Iterum Edita.

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POEMATIA,

Latinè partim reddita,

Partim scripta:

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alicujando Socio.

44
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534

Iterum Edita.

BRITISH MUSEUM

NOBILISSIMO PRINCIPI

THOMÆ

DUCI NOVOCASTRENSI

Otium hoc Poeticum,

Nullo potius

Quàm Condiſcipuli nomine

commendatum,

Humillimè offert & dedicat

Vincentius Bourne.

NOBILISSIMO PRINCIPI

THOMÆ

DUCI NOVOCASTRENSI

Olim hoc Poëticum,

Nullo portis

Quam Concilipuli nomine

commendatum,

Humillimâ offert & dedicat

Vincentius Bourne

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CORYDON QUERENS;

CARMEN PASTORALE.

COLIN'S *Complaint.*

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid;
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Winds, that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was!
Thus ſadly complaining, he cry'd;
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I bleſt the dear Tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a Pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

CORYDON Querens.

Deceptos Pastor secum meditatus amores
Ad ripam jacuit prætereuntis aquæ;
Dumque recensebat falsæ perjuria Nymphæ,
Lassatum salices sustinuere caput.
Audierant Zephyri vocem, gemitusque dolentis,
Et mœstis venti congemuere sonis:
Audierat Rivus; resonumque ad murmura murmur,
Et questum ad questus, ingeminavit aqua.
Ah miserum CORYDONEM! *& durum ante omnia fatum!*
Tristibus his lachrymans ingemit ille modis:
Adspexi vultum, lethoque (heu sidera iniqua!)
Ex illo intuitu quot graviora tuli!
Nusquam tutus eram; Daphnæ mihi dulcis imago
Ridentis, dulcis sermo loquentis erat:
Seu caneret, blando captus modulamine, Quando
Tam suave, exclamo, tu, Philomela, canes!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a Clown?
Or, that her fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think, that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in grey,
Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain!
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd!
What tho', when they hear my ſoft Strain,
The Virgins ſit weeping around!
Ah, COLIN! thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign;
Thy Falſe One inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

And you, my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid.
Tho' through the wide World I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly:
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change;
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

Sæpe quidem dixi, Miſerebitur Illa; ſed unde
Tam noſtræ fieret ruſticitatis amans?
Unde urbis Splendorem ea ſciret, opeſque ſuperbas
Sordibus exiguæ poſthabuiſſe caſæ?
Credebam tamen ignarus; rebarque quòd eſſet
Inter divitias inveniенda fides;
Quòd craſſæ poſſent veſtes, victuſque placere
Ruſticus, atque humili ſub Lare caſtus Amor.

Quid mihi, Apollineâ cingar quòd tempora Lauro,
Et querulæ nôrim tangere fila Lyræ?
Quid prodeſt, molles numeros ſiquando movebam,
Virgineæ circùm quòd maduêre genæ?
Ah, nihil eſt, CORYDON, *Phœbi cur munera jactes!*
Nec Lyra jam decori, nec tibi Laurus erit.
Eſt novus, eſt DAPHNÆ *felicior Ignis; & illi*
Dulcior eſt calamus, callidiorque manus.

Vos tamen hinc, Comitum pars ô chariſſima, amici
Queis mecum luctus ſunt, ſociuſque dolor,
Parcite vos, quicquid dederint mihi fata ferendum,
Parcite vos DAPHNEN *inſimulare doli.*
Si toto vagus orbe feror, comitatur euntem
Me mea ſors, nullâ diſſocianda fugâ:
Quamvìs inteream, DAPHNE *mutabitur uſque;*
Inteream quamvìs, uſque fidelis ero.

If, while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground.
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down in my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in golden Array;
Be fineſt at ev'ry fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day:
While COLIN, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

Siquid adhuc poterunt mollescere corda, nec omnis
Ex inclementi pectore fugit amor;
Agrestes inter decoret mea funera Nymphas,
Membraque supremo det tumulanda rogo.
Hoc mihi concedat saltem, non multa roganti,
Nudaque Cupressi frondibus ossa tegat;
Relliquias urnâ positas ubi viderit, Urna,
Relliquias fidi, dicat, Amantis habes.

Tum gemmis multoque nitens lasciviat auro,
Igne novo felix, deliciisque novis;
Perpetuum, nitidas inter nitidissima Nymphas,
Saltibus absumat lætitiâque diem.
Longùm abes interea, CORYDON, *longúmque licebit.*
Absis; te tacitum mox tenebræque premunt:
Ni tua fors, terræ immineat cùm pallida Luna,
Lurida victimum transvolet Umbra nemus.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark Midnight,
And all were faſt a-ſleep,
In glided MARG'RET's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's Feet.

II.

Her Face was like the *April*-Morn,
Clad in a Wintry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her lily-Hand,
That held the ſable Shrowd.

THYRSIS

ET

CHLOE.

I.

OMNIA *Nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,*
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies;
Cùm valvæ patuere, & gressu illapsa silenti,
THYRSIDIS *ad lectum stabat imago* [CHLOES.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lachrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque sepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque Manus.

III.

So shall the faintest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

IV.

Her Bloom was like the ſpringing Flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver Dew;
The Roſe was budded in her Cheek,
And opening to the View.

V.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early Prime:
The Roſe grew pale, and left her Cheek;
She dy'd before her Time.

VI.

Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave;
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to ſave.

VII.

This is the dark and fearful Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;

III.

Cùmque dies aberunt molles, & læta juventus,
Gloria pallebit sic, Cypariſſi, tua:
Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, Regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conſpiciendus Homo.

IV.

Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) naſcentis ad inſtar
Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
Et veneres riſere, & fabribuere labella,
Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima roſis.

V.

Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
Et faciles riſus, & juvenile decus:
Et roſa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
Oſcula; præripuit mors properata CHLOEN.

VI.

Excute Te ſomnis; nocturno egreſſa ſepulchro,
Evocat infidum TYRSIDA *fida* CHLOE.
Tandem o! nunc tandem miſerere, amice puellæ,
Cui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.

VII.

Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit Hora,
Ut tumulis reſerent humida clauſtra ſuis;

Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath;
And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

IX.

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

X.

How could you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

XI.

How could you ſay, my Lip was ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

XII. That

Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror Amantis:
Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.

VIII.

THYRSI, *tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,*
Et revocà læsos in tua vota Deos:
Virgineamque fidem, juratáque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.

IX.

In quâ defixus toties hærere solebas,
Quî faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Quî tenerum, & rerum ignarum mihi vincere pectus,
Victumque indignis discruciare modis?

X.

Promisso quianam, nimis ah! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?

XI.

Dicere cur poteras, Labium tibi suave rubescit;
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? & ego, rudis, insciа Virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?

XII. *Nulla*

XII.

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
That Lip no longer red;
Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And ev'ry Charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
'Till that last Morn appear.

XIV.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come see, false Man, how low she lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

XV.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,
And shew her glittering Head;
Pale WILLIAM shook in every Limb,
Then raving left his Bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where MARG'RET's Body lay,

XII.

Nulla mihi, heu! floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
Quæ rubuere, mihi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obsignatos tenebris, mihi clausit ocellos;
Gratia desertæ nec super una genæ est.

XIII.

Germanus mihi Vermis edax, depascitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc est satiata fames:
Et gelidæ & longæ restant mihi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, suprema dies.

XIV.

Sed cantu, audistin'? monuit me Gallus ubivis;
THYRSI, *vale; longùm, perfide* THYRSI, *vale.*
Vise tamen, tumulo quàm sit defossa profundo,
Quæ miserum urgebat funus amore Tuî.

XV.

Jam volucres cecinere, & festinavit ab Ortu,
Purpureo risu, Sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obstupuit THYRSIS, *tremulusque cubili*
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conscius!) exiliit.

XVI.

Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
Quò jacuit gelidâ morte soluta CHLOE;

Cespiteque

And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrapt her Breathleſs Clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARG'RET's Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,
And Word ſpake never more.

Cespiteque in viridi, qui subtùs flebile texit
Corpus, se mœstum projiciebat omus.

XVII.

Terque CHLOEN *gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,*
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum;
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.

LECTORI

LECTORI S.

HABES in manu, Erudite Lector, Cantiunculam, nec Amatorum Suſpiriis, nec Compotorum refertam vociferationibus; ſed gravitate & leporibus tam ex æquo temperatam, tam procul à ſenili remotam moroſitate, & ab ineptiis puerilibus tam abhorrentem & alienam, ut Juvenes exinde quod præcipiat; &, quod delectet, excerpant Seniores.

Materies hujuſce Poematis ea humanæ felicitatis complectitur argumenta, ad quæ noſtra omnium, ætate ſaltem provectiorum, contendunt Vota. Nihil magnificum, nihil ſumptuoſum, nihil Homine prudente & bono indignum, præoptatur. Supervacua, & ad veræ jucunditatem vitæ non facientia, repudiantur multa. Ea ſcilicet declinat noſter & averſatur Author,

Author, quæ vel Luxuries vitiosè, vel lasciviè Ignavia ſolet excogitare; ſatis beatus, ſi gaudiis, quæ ſperando conceperit, nihil intervenerit Curarum aut Ægritudinis.

Sperantibus, quoad licita & innocua, omnia ſunt libera. Et quoniam pleræque in futuro ſunt Voluptates, optando facimus præſentiores, & conſpectui propiùs admovemus. Contemplatio eſt quoddam fruendi genus; & expectatio deliciarum, abſentiæ quodammodo eſt ſolatium. Itaque æquiſſimo jure licebit Voto indulgere nec infaceto nec illiberali, quod venientia ſenectutis incommoda, ſi non tota repellere & remorari, diminuere certè poteſt & delinire.

Diu Anglicis Lectoribus placuit, diuque, ut auguramur, placebit celebratum hoc Opuſculum: & ſperavimus Authori noſtro non injurium fore, ſi Latinè etiam legendum exhiberemus. Id certè optavimus, ut iterum Exteris, apud quos peregrinatus eſt, quantum per nos poſſet, vetus innoteſceret Hoſpes; & Famâ, qua ſemel floruit, de novo aliquantùlum reviviſceret. De nobis nihil auſi polliceri, Tuæ, Lector, Benevolentiæ acceptum referemus, ſi

Romanis

Romanis auribus non prodeat omnino indignus; ſi Italis, quibuſcum ei docta interceſſit Conſuetudo, non multo ingratior, in hac etiam Verſione, quam ſuis eſt in Linguâ Vernaculâ popularibus.

Ex promiſſo, Annotationes ipſius Authoris ſubjecimus pauculas; cæteris eo conſilio omiſſis, ne nimii videremur, in re non prorſus neceſſariâ. Hoc unicum exorandus reſtas, Amice Lector, ut ſi quid in transferendo hoc Carmine Interpres vel lubens (quod rariùs fit) addiderit aut variaverit, vel Genio Linguarum aut Idiomatum coactus diverſitate prætermiſerit, & excuſandi & condonandi detur locus; qui citiùs forſan dabitûr, ſi Te præfando non ultro detineamus. Vive & bene Vale.

THE

THE AUTHOR's PROLOGUE TO THE WISH.

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens Liquorem? Hor. Ode 31. Lib. I.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia Rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, Rugosus frigore Pagus,
Quid sentire putas? Quid credis, Amice, precari?
Id. Ep. 18. Lib. I.

That is,

When Poets, offering at *Apollo*'s Shrine,
Out of the sacred Goblets pour new Wine;
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at *Epsom*, or on *Banstead*-Down,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noise o'th' Town.
When I those Waters drink, and breathe that Air;
What are my Thoughts? What's my continual Prayer?

THE

The *WISH.*

I.

IF I live to be Old, for I find I go [1] down,
Let this be my Fate. In a [2] Country-Town
May I have a warm Houſe, with a [3] Stone at the Gate,
And a [4] cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.

CHORUS.

May I govern my [5] Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow [6] wiſer and better, as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

II. May

---

[1] *Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram*
Rugis, & inſtanti ſenectæ
Aſſeret, indomitæque morti. Hor.
Ocyor Cervis, & agente Ventos
Ocyor Euro. Idem.
Ocyor & Cæli flammis & Tigride fœtâ. Lucan.

[2] *O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit,*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,

VOTUM.

I.

Senii descendam, & cæpi vergere, ad annos,
Rure mihi exigui sint, tepidique Lares;
Præ foribus sit scamnum, & sit non sordida Virga,
Quæ molli foveat tempora calva manu.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio subigam, prudentior usu,
Ut carptim attenuor, Rex Dominusque Mei.
Nec Podagræ, nec Lithiasis cruciatibus amar;
Sed sensim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

II. *Ad.*

Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? Hor.

3 By the Help whereof I may mount my easy Pad-Nag, mentioned in the third Stanza; in the West of *England*, they call it an *Ipping-Stock*.

4 *Quæ non offendat sordibus.* Hor.

5 *Animum rege, qui nisi paret,*
Imperat; hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catenis. Id.

6 *Lenior & melior fiam, accedente senectâ.* Id.

II.

May my [1] little Houſe ſtand on the [2] Side of a Hill,
With an eaſy Deſcent to Mead and a [3] Mill,
That when I've a mind I may hear my Boy read,
In the Mill, if it rains; if it's dry, in the Mead.
May I govern, &c.

III.

Near a ſhady [1] Grove, and a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at [2] Diſtance, whereon I may look,

With

---

[1] *Parva, ſed apta, Domus.*

[2] Neither on the Top nor the Bottom; the beſt ſituation for a Houſe or a City, affording both Conveniency of Cellars, and a Deſcent to carry off the Waters.

[3] It will be thought the Old Man has made a very ill Choice of a Mill to hear his Boy read in: but they who make this Objection, either know not, or at leaſt do not conſider, that Noiſe helps Deafneſs, which is incident to Old Age. That this is a Truth, both Experience and Reaſon evidence.

I have known ſeveral who could hear little or nothing in their Chambers, but when they were in a Coach rattling upon the Stones, heard very well. I alſo knew a Lady in *Eſſex*, whoſe Name was *Tyrrel*, who, while ſhe had occaſion to diſcourſe, uſed to beat a great Drum, without which ſhe could not hear at all; the Reaſon whereof is this, The moſt frequent Cauſe of Deafneſs is the Relaxation of the *Tympanum* or Drum of the Ear, which by this violent and continual Agitation of the Air, is extended, and made more Tight,

II.

Ad declive jugum, placidoq; quod imminet amni,
Quà mola, quà pratum eſt, ſtet mea parva domus:
Ut ſit, ubi aſſideam Lectori Auditor alumno,
Si ſudus, vel ſi Jupiter udus erit.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

III.

Quà Nemus umbroſum, & ſalientis murmura rivi,
Eſto in conſpectu, ſed procul eſto, Mare.

Planities

---

and Springy, and better reflects Sounds, like a Drum new-brac'd.

[1] *Et paulum ſylvæ ſuper his foret.* Hor.
Et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons. Id.
Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracum, neq; purior ambiat Hebrus. Id.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ;——
Fonteſq; lymphis obſtrepunt manantibus
Somnos quod invitet leves. Id.
——*Per pronum trepidans cum murmure rivum.* Id.
Levis crepante lymphâ deſilit pede. Id.
Unde loquaces
Lymphæ deſiliunt. Id.
[2] *Neptunum procul à terris ſpectare furentem.* Hor.
——*Jactantibus æquora ventis,*
E terrâ, magnum alterius ſpectare laborem,
——*Tuâ ſine parte periculi:*
Non quia vexari quenquam, eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere dulce eſt. Lucr.

With a ſpacious Plain, without Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern &c.

IV.

With *Horace* and [1] *Petrarch*, and Two or Three more
Of the beſt Wits, that reign'd in the Ages before;
With [2] roaſt Mutton, rather than Ven'ſon or Teal,
And [3] clean, tho' coarſe, Linen at every Meal.
May I govern &c.

V. With

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[1] A famous *Italian* Poet, who flouriſhed in the thirteenth Century; He was one of the firſt Reſtorers of Learning. The Author of this Wiſh has begun to write his Life, and deſigns (God willing) in a ſhort time to publiſh it.

[2] *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaq; ſecum*
Afferat; imprimis valeas bene, nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit, ut ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris Elixa, ſimul conchylia Turdis.
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoq; tumultum
Lenta feret pituita: vides ut pallidus omnis

Planities juxtà, ſine foſſâ aut ſepe, mihique
Porrectam & manno det ſpatioſa viam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

IV.

Flaccus, Petrarcha, & veterum liber unus & alter
Adſint, ingenii quos celebravit honor.
Commendet dapibus melior, potiorq; ferinâ,
Fercula ſimplicitas munditiæq; mea.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

V. *Sab-*

Cœnâ deſurgat dubiâ; quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoq; prægravat una,
Atq; affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ. Idem.

3 *——Ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa*
Corruget nares, ne non & Cantharus & Lanx
Oſtendat tibi te. Id.
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ. Id.
Mundæq; parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ. Id.
Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit; ego, utrùm
Nove ferar magnâ, an parvâ, ferar unus & idem. Id.

V.

With a [1] Pudding on *Sundays*, with ſtout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of *Latin* to welcome the Vicar,
With [2] *Monte-Fiaſcone* or [3] *Burgundy* Wine,
To drink the [4] King's Health as oft as I dine,
May I govern *&c.*

VI. May

---

[1] Tho' the Poet never eats any, he provides this Diſh for his Gueſts; but principally in obſervance of the old *Engliſh* Cuſtom, to let no *Sunday* paſs without a Pudding. From this, and many Paſſages before, it is evident that he is a very ſuperſtitious Fellow.

[2] A Town in *Tuſcany* celebrated for good Wine, and the Epitaph of a *Dutch* Man buried there; all the Books which treat of Travelling through *Italy* relate the Story at large. But ſince it may be new to ſome who ſhall read this, I will ſet it down in few words; A *Dutch* Traveller with his Servant lighted at the Inn which lies out of the Town, and thence ſent his Servant into it to find out the beſt Wine, ordering him to write *Eſt* upon the Door of the Houſe wherein he found good Wine; where he found better, *Eſt, Eſt*; where the beſt, *Eſt, Eſt, Eſt*; The Servant obey'd his Commands punctually. The Maſter follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this laſt Inſcription, and drank ſo much, that it caſt him into a Fever whereof he died. His Servant buried him in the Church, in-

V.

Sabbata distinguat sartum, conviva Sacerdos,
Docti sermones, interiorq; Cadus.
Nec vini, Burgunde, tui mihi Anecdota desint,
Quæ Regi, quoties prandeo, sacra bibam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VI. *Purpura*

---

graving upon his Tomb-Stone this Epitaph, which is still to be seen there;

Est, Est, Est.
Propter nimium Est.
Jo. de Fuc. D. meus mortuus est.

[3] *Beauln*, A Town in the Dukedom of *Burgundy*, famous for a magnificent Hospital, and the Excellency of its Wines, which are incomparably the best in *France*, if not in the World.

Experto crede Roberto.
I do not speak this by hear-say.

[4] *Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris*
Te mensis adhibet Deum.
Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
Diffuso pateris, & Laribus tuum
Miscet nomen, utì Græcia Castoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas, ô utinam, Rex bone, ferias
Præstes Hesperiæ, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi,
Cùm Sol oceano subest.

VI.

May my Wine be Vermilion, may my Malt-drink be pale,
In neither extreme, or too mild or too ſtale:
In lieu of Deſerts, Unwholſom and Dear,
Let [1] *Lodi* or *Parmeſan* bring up the Rear.
May I govern &c.

VII.

Nor [2] Tory, or Whig, Obſervator or Trimmer
May I be, nor againſt the Law's torrent a Swimmer.
May I mind what I ſpeak, what I write, and hear read,
And with matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.
May I govern &c.

VIII.

Let the Gods, who diſpoſe of every King's Crown,
Whomſoever they pleaſe, ſet up and pull down.
I'll pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head,
Tho' I go without [3] Claret that Night to my Bed.
May I govern &c.

IX. I'll

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[1] *Laus Pompeii*, a wonderful fertile Town in the Dutchy of *Milan*, whoſe Cheeſe is of greater Fame than *Parmeſan*.

[2] Thoſe odious Names of Diſtinction kindled great

VI.

Purpura sit Baccho, Cereri sit pallor; & ævo
Maturus justo detur utriq; sapor.
Divite pro Victu, luxuq; salubrior omni,
Caseus esto tuus, Parma, corona dapum.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VII.

Liber & immunis, nullis à partibus adsiem,
Nec Legum adversùs vim fluviumq; natem;
Quid loquar, aut scribam, cautusq; & providus Autbor,
Ire sinam regni res, velut ire volunt.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

VIII.

Di, quos imperium penes est, rerumq; potestas,
Regna, quibus visum est, dent, adimantq; data:
Impositum capiti salvam non invidus assem,
Una licèt tubulo nox cyathoq; caret.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

IX. *Salvam*

Animosity and Strangeness, and even Hatred betwixt Relations and Friends.

3 If that should happen, it would be a shrewd Affliction to the Poet.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' [1] that Tax ſhould appear
As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year.
For why ſhould I let a ſeditious Word fall?
[2] Since my Lands in [3] *Utopia* pay nothing at all.
May I govern &c.

X.

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be ſo poor,
That the Rich without Shame cannot enter my Door;
[4] May they court my Converſe, may they take much Delight,
My old Stories to hear in a Winter's long Night.
May I govern &c.

XI.

My ſmall ſtock of Wit may I not miſapply,
To flatter ill Men, be they never ſo high;
Nor miſpend the few Moments I ſteal from the Grave,
In fawning and cringing like a Dog or a Slave.
May I govern &c.

XII. May

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[1] A Poll-Bill.

[2] A good Encouragement to pay for his Head.

[3] A Place in *Jupiter*, or the *Moon*, or ſome other of the Planets; for it is not to be found in the Map of the World.

IX.

Solvam ego, nec querulus contrà mussabo, tributa
Si poscant mensesque Hebdomadesque nova;
Cur etenim obmussans duram vocitavero legem,
Cùm fundi solvant nil mei in Utopiâ?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

X.

Non peto divitias; nec sim tam sordidè egenus,
Nauseet ut dives tecta subire mea:
Quin mecum historiis ad largum circulus ignem
Decipere hybernæ tædia noctis amet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XI.

Regum ut laudator fiam, vitiisque minister,
Ingenium nolim prostituisse meum;
Nec, canis ut caudam submittam & blandiar instar,
Perbreve, quod morti subtrabo, tempus agam.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XII. *Ad*

---

4 ——— *Pauperumque dives*
Me petit. Hor.

5 ——— *Anilis*
Ex re fabellas. Idem.

XII.

May none whom I love, to ſo great [1] Riches riſe,
As to ſlight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends deſpiſe;
So Low or ſo High may none of them be,
As to move either Pity or Envy in me.
May I govern &c.

XIII.

A Friendſhip I wiſh for, but alas 'tis in vain,
Jove's Store-houſe is empty, and can't it ſupply,
So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flattery, or Woman, ſhould have Power to unty.
May I govern &c.

XIV.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a [2] Whore,
Still may I be Virtuous, tho' I am Poor;
My Life then as uſeleſs, may I freely reſign,
When no longer I reliſh true Wit and good Wine.
May I govern &c.

XV. To

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[1] The *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays,
Let not God make our Friends ſo rich, as to forget us.

[2] *Fortuna, ſævo læta negotio,*
Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii, benigna.

XII.

Ad tantas nec ſurgat opes, quem diligo, quiſquam,
Neſciat ut notos, prætereatque videns;
Tam ſupra ſit nemo ſitus, tam nemo ſit infra,
Ut mihi vel Livor, vel ſiet inde Dolor.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIII.

Detur & oh! (ſi poſco quod æquum eſt poſcere) fidæ,
Nec tamen ingentis, cultus amicitiæ;
Cultus amicitiæ, quam tempora nulla valebunt,
Quam nullæ rerum diſſoluiſſe vices.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIV.

Sin Comites infidi, & ſit Fortuna proterva,
Salva mihi Virtus eſto, licebit inops.
Tum demùm videatur iners & inutilis ætas,
Cùm mihi nec vinum, nec ſapit ingenium.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XV. *Nec*

Laudo manentem; ſi celeres quatit
Pennas, reſigno quæ dedit, & meâ
Virtute me involvo——
——Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum ſtridore acuto
Suſtinet, hîc poſuiſſe gaudet. Hor.

XV.

To out-live my [1] Senſes may it not be my Fate,
To be Blind, to be Deaf, to know nothing at all,
But rather let Death come before 'tis ſo late,
And while there's ſome [2] Sap in it, may my [3] Tree fall.
May I govern *&c.*

XVI.

I hope I ſhall have no occaſion to ſend
For Prieſts or Phyſicians, till I'm ſo near mine End,
[4] That I have eat all my Bread, and drank my laſt Glaſs,
[5] Let them come then, and ſet their Seals to my Paſs.
May I govern *&c.*

XVII. With

---

[1] May I not loſe my Sight, my Hearing, and my Memory, and be a Burden to my Friends, and my ſelf, *Telluris inutile Pondus*, a dead unuſeful Burthen to the Ground.

——*Ultima ſemper*
Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet. Ovid.

[2] If you tell an *Italian*, ſuch a one is a rich, or happy Man; he'll reply, *Dammi lo morto*, as much as to ſay, Let me ſee him dead, and then 'twill be evident whether he is or not; before that, no true Judgment is to be made.

XV.

Nec miserè morbosum adeò delira senectus
Conterat, ut faciat me supereſſe mihi;
Morte minùs serâ potiùs mea concidat arbor,
Dum ramis aliquis succus & humor ineſt.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVI.

Nec priùs accersam Medicum, nec Pharmacopolam;
Quàm propè jam ſummum clauſerit hora diem.
Totum ubi defumpſi panem, cyathumque ſupremum,
Tum mihi ſubſignent, ilicet, ire licet.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVII. *Forti*

---

[3] Some corporeal and intellectual Vigour.

[4] The Poet alludes to a Tradition among the *Turks*, who believe, that when any one is born into the World, there is ſuch a Quantity of Meat and Drink ſet before him, which when he has conſumed, he muſt die. The Moral whereof is, He that deſires to live long, muſt be ſparing in his Meat and Drink.

[5] That I may die regularly, obſerving all the Ceremonies, Formalities, and Punctualities; *A la Coûtume*, which is, according to our barbarous Tranſlation, *To a Cow's Thumb.*

XVII.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my laſt Day,
And when I am dead may the better ſort ſay,
In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and not left behind him his Fellow.
May I govern &c.

XVIII.

Without any [1] Noiſe when I've paſs'd o'er the Stage,
And decently acted what part [2] Fortune gave,
And put off my [3] Veſt in a [4] chearful old Age,
May a few honeſt Fellows ſee me laid in my Grave.
May I govern &c.

XIX.

I care not whether under a Turf or a Stone,
With any Inſcription upon it, or none,
If a thouſand Years hence, [5] *Here lies* W. P.
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern &c.

XX. Yet

---

[1] *Secretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ.* Hor.
Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit. Id.

[2] ——*Quem dederat curſum Fortuna peregi.* Virg.

[3] My Garments of Fleſh, wherein I acted my Part on the Stage of the World; when the Farce is done, and the Curtain drawn.

XVII.

Forti atque impavide ſuprema ubi venerit hora,
Hoc mihi qui dicat, ſit, repetatque Vale:
Mortuus es, cui nullum aut mane aut veſpere, nullum
Aut ſiccum aut madidum, POPE, videbo patrem.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XVIII.

Quam Fortuna dedit, Fabellâ ubi ritè peractâ
Exierim ſcenâ clam, ſtrepitumque procul,
Et placidam exuerim, carnis cum veſte, ſenectam,
Pulvere me Comitum condat amica manus.
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XIX.

Me nil ſollicitat, ſaxone an ceſpite ſigner,
Nominet an tumulus me, ſileatne, meus.
Mille ubi tranſierint anni, quæ tanta ſequetur
Gloria, ſi forſan litera bina legar?
Æquo animum imperio &c.

XX. *Si*

---

[4] *——Precor integrâ*
Cum mente nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem. Hor.

[5] The Poet preſumes he ſhall have a very ſhort and modeſt Epitaph, if any; only the two firſt Letters of his Name.

XX.

Yet one Wiſh I add, for the ſake of thoſe [1] few
Who in reading theſe Lines any Pleaſure ſhall take,
May I leave a good [2] Fame, and a ſweet ſmelling Name
AMEN. Here an End of my WISHES I make.

CHORUS.

May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better, as my Strength wears away;
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Sweet

---

[1] ——*Non [illegible] miretur turba laboro,*
Contentus paucis Lectoribus.——

[2] *Quæ poſt Fata venit Gloria, ſera venit.* Mart.

Tho' Fame will not concern me, after I am dead, yet

XX.

Si tamen hos Verſus, ſiquem legiſſe juvabit,
Hoc addo optatis, & ſuperaddo nihil.
Dulcis honor Virtutum, & odoræ gratia Famæ,
Votique & Vitæ terminus eſto meæ.

CHORUS.

Æquo animum imperio ſubigam, prudentior uſu,
Ut carptim attenuor, Rex Dominuſque Meî.
Nec Podagræ, nec Lithiaſis cruciatibus urar,
Sed ſenſim extinctus devehar ad tumulum.

GU-

I wiſh for it, becauſe it will be a Pleaſure to my ſurviving Friends.

Si quos ſupereſſe volunt Dii. Hor.

If I do not (which has happen'd to many old men) outlive all my Friends.

Sweet *WILLIAM*'s Farewell TO *Black-Ey'd* SUSAN.

I.

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-ey'd SUSAN came on Board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
Does my ſweet WILLIAM ſail among the Crew?

II.

WILLIAM, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his Eyes below.
The Cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And (quick as Lightning) on the Deck he ſtands.

III. So

GULIELMUS

SUSANNÆ Valedicens.

I.

IN ſtatione fuit Claſſis; fuſiſque per auras
Ludere vexillis & fluitare dedit:
Cùm navem aſcendit SUSANNA; *o dicite, Nautæ,*
Noſtræ ubi deliciæ ſunt? ubi noſter amor?
Dicite Vos, animi fortes, ſed dicite verum,
Agminibus veſtris num GULIELMUS *inest?*

II.

Pendulus in ſummi GULIELMUS *vertice mali*
Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad infrà
Præmiſit gemitum, nec piget ipſe ſequi;
Vixque manu tangens funes, & præpete labens
Deſcenſu, alati fulguris inſtar, adeſt.

III. *Sic*

III.

So the ſweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,
Shuts cloſe his Pinions to his Breaſt,
(If, chance, his Mate's ſhrill Note he hear)
And drops at once into her Neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the *Britiſh* Fleet
Might envy WILLIAM's Lips thoſe Kiſſes ſweet.

IV.

O SUSAN, SUSAN, lovely Dear!
My Vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling Tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye liſt, ye Winds; my Heart ſhall be
The faithful Compaſs, that ſtill points to Thee.

V.

Believe not what the Landmen ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind;
They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,
In ev'ry Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee ſo,
For Thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

VI.

If to far *India*'s Coaſt we ſail,
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Diamonds bright:
Thy Breath is *Africk*'s Spicy Gale;
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:

Thus

III.

Sic alto in cælo tremulis se librat ut alis,
Si sociæ accipiat forsan alauda sonos,
Devolat extemplo; clausisque ad pectora pennis,
In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
Basia, quæ SUSANNA *suo permisit amanti,*
Navarcha optaret maximus esse sua.

IV.

Suave meum, & vitâ SUSANNA *ô charior ipsâ,*
Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer illam;
Gratior ut reditu sit, GULIELMUS *abit.*
Quò velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad unam
Cor meum, ut ad Boream nautica vergit acus.

V.

Terrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
Tentabunt dubio solicitare metu:
In quovis portu, sed noli ô! credere, dicent,
Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus, habet.
Quin ô! quin credas; quodcunque invisero littus,
Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis & ardor eris.

VI.

Sive Indus *gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis* Afer,
Seu mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
Quas ostentet Arabs, Afer, & Indus, *opes.*

Thus ev'ry beauteous Object, that I view,
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charms of lovely Sue.

VII.

Tho' Battle call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' Cannons roar, yet ſafe, from Harms,
William ſhall to his Dear return;
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould drop from Susan's Eye.

VIII.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread;
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay Aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his Head.
Her leſſening Boat unwilling rows to Land:
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her Lilly-Hand.

Quodcunque egregium, pulchrum, vel dulce videbo.
Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, Tui.

VII.

Nec, mea Lux, doleas; Patriæ ſi cauſa requirat,
Ut procul amplexu poſcat ad arma tuo;
Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab omni,
Poſt aliquot menſes reſtituendus ero.
Ne dulces iſtos contriſtet fletus ocellos,
Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

Solvere Naucleri juſſit Vox ferrea Navem,
Vela tumeſcentes explicuere ſinus:
Dixit uterque, Vale; & lachrymis ſimul oſcula miſcens,
Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
Invita & tardè ad terram SUSANNA *recedit,*
Et niveâ repetit, Vive, Valeque, manu.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed?*
Yet *Mary*'s, ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh;
The Black-bird, and ſweet-cooing Dove,
With Muſick inchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love, where the Feather'd Folks ſing.

TUEDA.

QUAS aperit Veneres! quàm Flora arridet amæ-
[num,
Ad placidam Tuedæ lene fluentis aquam!
His tamen, bis cunctis, formoſior una Maria,
Naturæ pariter vincit & Artis opes.
Non Roſa, non Violæ, non picto margine Bellis,
Totaque Luxuries, quâ variatur humus;
Non, quæ ſubrepens blando interlabitur agros
Flumine, tam ſuavi Tueda decore nitet.

Sylva choris avium reſonat vocalis; & omne
Virgultum harmoniâ fervet, & omne nemus.
Miſcent & Merulæ numeros, gemituſque Palumbes;
Deſuper aerios addit Alauda modos,
Vernantem in campum mecum deſcende, novique
Videris, ut ſurgat Primula, veris honos.
Dum populus circum cantat pennatus, Amori
Quàm mecum ad Tuedam lenta vacare potes!

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does *Mary* not tend a few Sheep?
Do they never carelesly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs;
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed?
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

Quo minuit ſtudio, qua longas decipit horas?
Nonne aliquot teneras Lux mea ſervat oves?
Nullus eas felix, nullus brevis abſtrahit error,
Dum furtim ſomnus lumina claudit heræ?
Murmure jucundo mollem ſuadere ſoporem
Si poſſit votis Tueda *ſecunda meis;*
Ambroſiam labiis, animum quæ mulceat ægrum,
Lætuſque & tacitus, furripuiſſe velim.

Vulgares inter flammas meus enicat Ignis,
Ut nuſquam formâ Nympha ſit ulla pari:
Pluribus à pulchris, à mille & milie venuſtis,
Diſtinguunt Vitam Gratia multa meam.
Suæviolum, quin fare, meum; Quæ paſcua malunt,
Aut ubi, ſub medio Sole, vagantur oves?
Ad Tavæ *errantes quæram ſinuoſa fluenta?*
Quæramve ad Tuedæ *candidioris aquam?*

LOVE Diſarm'd.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BEneath a Myrtle's verdant Shade,
As *Chloe* half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her Breaſt,
And in that Heav'n deſir'd to reſt:
Over her Paps his Wings he ſpread,
Between he found a downy Bed,
And neſtled in his little Head.

Still lay the God: The Nymph ſurpriz'd,
Yet Miſtreſs of her ſelf, deviſ'd,
How ſhe the Vagrant might inthral;
And captive Him, who captives all.
Her Boddice half-way ſhe unlac'd:
About his Arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken Bond, and held him faſt.

AMOR INERMIS.

QUA Myrtus ramis viridem contexuit umbram
Diffusis, jacuit semisupina Chloe.
Huc tacito accessit tendens vestigia gressu,
Et furtim in molli pectore sedit Amor.
Extensis mammas alis protexit, & intus
Intrusum occuluit parvulus Erro caput.

Ut Nympha excussit somnum, perterrita Numen
In tepido sensit delituisse sinu.
At revocans animos, fraudem sub pectore versat,
Cætera qui fallit, fallere certa Deum.
Tum solvens Zonam, Pueri per brachia ducit,
Et teneras vincit callida Nympha manus.

The God awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel Chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his Wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken String.

Flutt'ring the God, and weeping ſaid,
Pity poor *Cupid*, generous Maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy Boſom loſt his Way:
Who ſtray'd, alas, but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy Pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended Harm to Thee.

To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where *Cupid* flies;
What are his Haunts, or which his Way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free;
For Harm was meant, and Harm to me.

Vain Fears, that vex thy Virgin Heart!
I'll give thee up my Bow and Dart:
Untangle but this cruel Chain,
And freely let me fly again.

Agreed! ſecure my Virgin Heart;
Inſtant give up thy Bow and Dart:

Sopitum lædunt Divum nova vincula ; Somne,
Non ita cum vinc'lis excutienda tuis ;
Ter filum vano tentat diffringere nisu,
Ter fruſtra ad celerem tenditur ala fugam.

Et trepidam quatiens pennam, cum fletibus inquit,
Fortunæ ignoſcas, blanda Puella, meæ ;
Ignoſcas, ſi cæcum, inquit, me devius error
Duxerit ad pectus, candida Virgo, tuum.
Devius error erat certè ; namque heu bene nôram,
Quòd ſedes illic non habiturus eram.
Dimittas captivum, oro ; qui nil tibi, Nympha, eſt
Molitus, certè nil tibi, Nympha, mali.

Nec ſcio, nec me ſcire juvat, cui rettulit illa,
Unde puer venias, quò fugiasve vagus ;
Non mihi, quæ latebræ, quæ ſint habitacula. curæ eſt,
Non mihi, quâ nectas in regione moram ;
At non dimittam ; neque enim tibi credo ; parabas
Nam certè inſidias, inſidiaſque mihi.

Virgineum quæ curæ urgent tibi pectus inanes?
Ipſe lubens arcus, & tibi tela dabo :
Captivo mihi, chara Chloe, ſi vincula ſolves,
Et me, quò libeat, rurſus abire ſines.

Virgineum defende meum de vulnere pectus,
Et mihi des arcus, & mihi tela lubens :

The Chain I'll in Return unty;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.

Thus She the Captive did deliver;
The Captive thus gave up his Quiver.

The God diſarm'd, e'er ſince that Day,
Paſſes his Life in harmleſs Play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her Breaſt,
A little, flutt'ring idle Gueſt.

E'er ſince that Day, the beauteous Maid
Governs the World in *Cupid*'s Stead;
Directs his Arrows, as ſhe wills;
Gives Grief, or Pleaſure, ſpares or kills.

CHLOE *Hunting.*

By the ſame Hand.

BEhind her Neck her comely Treſſes ty'd,
Her Iv'ry Quiver graceful by her ſide,
A Hunting *Chloe* went: She loſt her Way,
And thro' the Woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo paſſing by beheld the Maid;
And, Siſter dear, bright *Cynthia*, turn, he ſaid;

Captivo tibi, chare puer, tum vincula ſolvam,
Et te, quò libeat, rurſus abire ſinam.

Vincula ſic puero ſolvit Nympha, & ſua Nymphæ,
Vincula ſolventi, tradidit arma Puer.

Se Deus hinc luſu puerili exercet inermis,
Nec juvenes curat virgineoſque greges:
Interdum ad pectus volitat, Nymphamque reviſit;
Sed ſedet innocuum numen, & hoſpes iners.

Hinc arcus pharetramque gerens funeſtaque tela,
Pro libitu paſſim dirigit arma Chloe;
Pro libitu parcit vel vulnerat; Ipſa Cupido
Et ſimul in terris regnat, & Ipſa Venus.

CHLOE Venatrix.

FOrtè Chloe, pulchros nodo collecta capillos
Poſt collum, pharetrâque latus ſuccincta decorâ,
Venatrix ad ſylvam ibat; cervumque ſecuta
Elapſum viſu, deſerta per avia tendit
Incerta. Errantem Nymphaim conſpexit Apollo,
Et converte tuos, dixit, mea Cynthia, curſus;

The hunted Hind lies close in yonder Brake.
Loud *Cupid* laugh'd, to see the God's Mistake:
And laughing cry'd, Learn better, great Divine,
To know thy Kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, for hence thy sister seek,
Or on *Meander*'s Banks, or *Latmus*' Peak.
But in this Nymph, my Friend, my Sister know;
She draws my Arrows, and she bends my Bow.
Fair *Thames* she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring Grove
Sacred to soft Recess, and gentle Love.
Go, with thy *Cynthia*, hurl the pointed Spear
At the rough Boar, or chace the flying Deer:
I, and my *Chloe*, take a nobler Aim:
At human Hearts we fling, nor ever miss the Game.

En ibi (monſtravitque manu) tibi cervus anhelat
Occultus Arma, latebriſque moratur in illis.
Improbus hæc audivit Amor, lepidumque cachinnum
Attollens, poterantne etiam tua Numina falli?
Hinc quæſo, bone Phœbe, tuam dignoſce ſororem,
Et meliùs venerare meam. Tua Cynthia longè
Mæandri ad ripas, aut ſummi in vertice Latmi,
Verſatur; noſtra eſt Soror hæc, noſtra, inquit, amica eſt:
Hæc noſtros promit calamos, arcumque ſonantem
Incurvat, Tamumque colens, placidoſque receſſus
Lucorum, quos alma quies ſacravit amori.
Ite per umbroſos ſaltus, luſtriſque vel aprum
Excutite horrentem ſetis, cervumve fugacem,
Tuque Sororque Tua; & directo ſternite ferro:
Nobilior Labor, & Divis digniſſima cura,
Meque Chloenque manet: Nos corda humana ferimus,
Vibrantes certum vulnus, nec inutile telum.

COROLLA.

I.

lia, adeſte,
Gloria vallis,
Candida caſtaque,
Sertaque nectite
Caſtæ Phyllidi,
Phyllidi candidæ;

II.

Virgineæ Roſæ,
Quæ decus Horti
Suave rubeſcitis,
Ambroſioſque
Fuſiùs exha-
latis odores;

The WREATH.

Tranſlated by Mr. D. LEWIS.

I.

SWeet, lovely, chaſte,
Ye Lilies haſte,
That in the Vallies breathe:
To *Phyllis* haſte,
Sweet, lovely, chaſte,
For *Phyllis* twine the Wreath.

II.

Ye Roſes come,
With Virgin Bloom,
The Pride of Gardens own'd;
That from your Bed
Diffuſive ſhed
Ambroſial Odours round,

III. Ye

III.

Vos Violæ, quæ,
Luxuriantis
Purpuræ veris,
Nascimini, sub-
nasciminique,
Pulchræ, humilesque;

IV.

Vos quoque, Flosculi,
Copia ruris,
Quâ variatur
Omnis agellus,
Quâ decoratur
Omne viretum;

V.

Vos redolentes
Herbulæ, adeste,
Quas operosæ
Delibant apes,
Florea per loca
Huc illuc vagæ:

VI.

Herbulæ, adeste,
Vos quoque, Flosculi,

III.

Ye Violets too,
In Fields that grow,
And drink the vernal Dew;
That dash the Woods,
The Meads, the Floods,
With Drops of purple Hue.

IV.

And all ye Flow'rs,
Whose wilder Stores
O'er Nature's Face are seen;
Whose various Dies
Promiscuous rise,
And paint th' enamel'd Green.

V.

Come, Herbs, all ye
That tempt the Bee
From Leaf to Leaf to roam;
Whose balmy Veins
Reward her Pains,
And send her loaded home.

VI.

All, all be join'd,
Of every Kind,

Et simul omnes
Intertexite
Mille colores,
Milleque odores.

VII.

Sic redimite
Phyllida nostram,
Ut neque Flora
Vestra decentior,
Aut Dea sit ju-
cundior aspici.

VIII.

At neque longam
Sic redimitæ
Phyllidi gratiam
Mille potestis
Addere flores,
Addere flosculi.

IX.

Quotquot odores,
Quotquot honores
Ver breve vobis
Impetrat, idem
Sol aperitque,
Claudit & idem:

X. *Quisve*

Flow'rs, Herbs; the ſweet, the gay;
Twiſt Arm in Arm,
Weave Charm with Charm,
To *Phyllis* haſte away.

VII.

Come, and inveſt
Her ſnowy Breaſt,
Come, bind her flowing Hair;
Like *Flora*'s Dreſs
Be *Phyllis*'s;
Like *Flora* ſhe is fair.

VIII.

But little 'dures
Whate'er, ye Flow'rs,
Whate'er, ye Herbs, can give;
Nor ſhall your Aid
Long grace the Maid,
Nor have you long to live.

IX.

A little while
Your Glories ſmile,
A little, little reign;
The Sun that warms
Your opening Charms,
Oft ſees them cloſe again.

X.

Quoſque recludit
Forſan & alter, &
Alter ab altero,
Proximus, & qui
Naſcitur illo,
Urit, adurit.

XI.

Interit annus,
Et ſubit alter,
Quem novus urget,
Et novus alter,
Intereuntem
Interiturus!

XII.

Sed floreſcere
Cernit eâdem
Phyllida formâ,
Quique recedit,
Quique ſuper-venit,
Alter & alter.

XIII.

Non datur ætas
Omnibus una,

Nec

X.

Or if they ſtay
Another Day,
And yet another Sun;
Then comes a Blaze
Of fiercer Rays;
They wither and are gone.

XI.

A Year conſumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes Place:
Another new
Shall then enſue,
Another new, to paſs.

XII.

But, all the while,
Her Beauties ſmile,
And tempt the Lover's Care:
A Year conſumes,
Another comes;
And *Phyllis* ſtill is fair.

XIII.

To all one Date
Aſſigns not Fate,

Nec decet omnes
Una superbia ;
Cedite Phyllidi,
Cedite, sosculi.

XIV.

Cedite, sed ce-
dendo dierum
Quò fuga ritu
Pergit, eodem
Dicite & annos
Ire, perire.

As plain, too plain, appears;
Your Glories live,
Days, four or five,
But hers as many Years.

XIV.

Yet, gentleſt Race,
Your fleeting Grace
To blooming *Phyllis* lend:
And, as you fade,
Remind the Maid,
That Years like Days muſt end.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

HANC, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige
Mensæque consortem & tori;
Benè moribus morata, quæ formâ placet,
Nec dote dotatur nimis.
Non elaborat illa, de die in diem,
Se fingere & refingere;
Vultumve curiosa sumit artifex
Ab hac, ab illâ Pyxide.
Nec dislocandis & locandis crinibus,
Quos iterum & iterum dislocet.
Absumit horas, unam ineptulam aciculam
Deciesque figens & movens.
Nec exuendis induendis vestibus,
Diversa ter, ter discolor,
Jubar evehit cum Phœbus, & cum devehit,
Mutatur & mutabitur.
Nec visitando pultat has & has fores,
Ut portet importunum Ave,

Meam

MELISSA.

Tranſlated by Mr. WESLEY.

IF, Friend, a Wife you mean to wed,
Worthy of your Board and Bed,
That ſhe be virtuous, be your Care,
Not too rich, and not too fair:
One who nor labours to diſplay
New Complexions ev'ry Day,
Nor ſtudying artificial Grace,
Out of Boxes culls a Face.
Nor live-long Hours for Dreſſing ſpares,
Placing to diſplace her Hairs,
And ſtraight replace; an idle Pin
Ten times ſhifting out and in.
Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
Thrice her Silks, and Colours thrice:
Fond o'er and o'er her Suits to range.
Changing ſtill, and ſtill to change.
Nor gads to pay, with buſy Air,
Trifling Viſits here and there;

Long

Meam inquietans & tuam viciniam
Ineptiis & otio.
Si fortè Spectatrix Theatris intereſt,
(Et intereſt rariſſima)
Illiberales neſcit infacetias,
Et non verecundos ſales
Audire patiens; omnis immodeſtiæ
Peroſa turpitudinem;
Sensúsque dubii & involuti ambagibus
Impura nauſeat abdita.
Nec initiatur myſticis congreſſibus,
Noctiſque cæremoniis,
Vel induens larvam, vel obnubens caput,
Laſciviat ut audentior.
Nec, invenuſtis ut fritillis increpet,
Et aleis impalleat,
Tenebras ad uſque Solis ortum vigiliis,
Lucemque dat ſoporibus;
Dulces diei & noctis invertens vices,
Rataſque leges temporum.
Properantis ævi circulum Nympha expleat
Has inter elegantias,
Prætermeare quæ fugam vitæ ſinit,
Brevemque ſummam negligit:
Quos ire & interire permittunt dies
Indiligens, incogitans
Vulgus puellarum, Meliſſa computat
Feliciore calculo.

Tuas

Long rapping at each Door aloud,
Nuiſance to a Neighbourhood.
If e'er a Play ſhe deign to ſee,
(Very rarely ſhall it be)
She likes not Wit in Lewdneſs ſhewn,
Jeſts ill-manner'd for a Clown;
But hears, with Ignorance or Rage,
Double Meanings of the Stage.
Her ſpotleſs Mind, the luſtful Tale
Nauſeates in the niceſt Veil.
She ne'er is found in Crowds unclean,
Entred Myſteries obſcene;
Nor ſeeks in Mask, and antick Dreſs,
Unconfin'd Laſciviouſneſs:
Nor pale, and angry, gaming high,
Rattles the unlucky Die.
Till Sun-riſe reſtleſs Vigils keeps,
Light conſuming in her Sleeps;
Inverting Nature, turns with Play
Day to Night, and Night to Day.
This Round of Follies let her chooſe,
Flitting Life who likes to loſe,
And lets her quickly-ending Days
Paſs, and periſh, as they paſs.
The Time that vulgar Maids deſpiſe,
Careleſs, thoughtleſs, how it flies,
Meliſſa wiſe, eſteems, and knows
Well to uſe it, ere it goes.

Tuas in ædes nuptiali cum face,
Et cum Meliſsâ conjuge,
Intrare pronubas videbis Gratias,
Sacrumque Virtutum chorum,
Sine arte compta, & elegans ſine tædio,
Aderit Venuſtas ; & Salus
Suo rubore roſea ; & Innocentia
Cadente purior nive ;
Aderit Amor, Riſus, Voluptas, Gaudium,
Et litium fugax Quies.
Aderit labella comprimens Taciturnitas,
Et fœderis ſervans Fides ;
Et omnis eventûs memor Prudentia,
Diveſque rerum Induſtria :
Accedet his virtutibus pia Humilitas,
Nunquam immemor Dei aut ſui.
Regina Gratiarum aderit Humanitas,
Perferre facilis & pati,
Humana ſi Natura quid deliquerit,
Aut caverit ſiquid parum :
Calumniantium ſuſurros improbans,
Pauciſque notam infamiam ;
Memor, invidi rumoris ut Malignitas
Inimicat urbes & domos.
Famulabitur caſtùm intuens Modeſtia,
Et docta cultu Urbanitas ;
Et advenis præſens domi Hoſpitalitas,
Aperta vultus & manum.

If e'er *Meliſſa* wed my Friend,
With her ent'ring ſhall attend
Virtues and Graces by her ſide,
Bride-Maids fit for ſuch a Bride:
Neat Beauty without Art diſplay'd,
Roſy Health with native Red;
With her bright Innocence ſhall go,
Purer than the falling Snow:
Quiet, that far from Quarrels flies;
Mirth and Pleaſure, Love and Joys:
Firm Faith, that plighted Promiſe keeps,
Silence watching o'er her Lips:
Prudence that ponders all Events,
Wealth-increaſing Diligence:
Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To her ſelf, and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
Loveliеſt Grace! Humanity.
If erring Nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail:
Who hates low-whiſper'd Spite conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd;
Since Envy makes with rumour'd Lies
Friends and Brethren Enemies.
Good-Breeding ſhall her Handmaid be,
Join'd with chaſt-look'd Modeſty;
While open Heart, and Hand, and Face,
Hoſpitality diſplays.

His cum ſodalibus Meliſſa Gratiis
Ducetur ad tuam domum;
Fidelis, ægrum quicquid aut lætabile eſt,
Et vera tecum particeps:
Solando quæ curarum amara leniat,
Et conſulendo temperet;
Fruendo quæ felicitates augeat,
Et quæ novis addat novas.
Irrupta copula biſce continebitur,
His vinculis firmabitur,
Validis ab annis ad ſenectam, ſi tuæ
Meliſſa ſit vitæ comes;
Quam, Marce, cùm ducetur uxor, elige,
Menſæque conſortem & tori.

If e'er *Meliſſa* grace your Home,
  Theſe Attendants with her come,
Whate'er can good or ill befall,
  Faithful Partner ſhe of all.
Whoſe Wiſdom teaching well to bear,
  Sooths the Bitterneſs of Care;
Whoſe Joy, if proſp'rous Fate you meet,
  Adds new Sweetneſs to the Sweet.
Theſe Ties will nuptial Love engage,
  Down from Youth to hoary Age,
If e'er *Meliſſa*, lovely Spouſe!
  Life's Companion! crown your Vows,
Such, ſuch a Conſort chooſe to wed,
  Worthy of your Board and Bed.

ANUS SÆCULARIS:

Quæ juſtam centum Annorum Ætatem, ipſo die Natali, explevit & clauſit, Anno 1728.

Singularis Prodigium ô ſenectæ,
Et novum exemplum diuturnitatis!
Cujus annorum ſeries in amplum
Deſinit orbem!

Vulgus infelix hominum, dies, en!
Computo quàm diſpare computamus!
Quàm Tuâ à ſummâ procul eſt remota
Summula noſtra!

Pabulum nos luxurieſque lethi,
Nos, ſimul nati, incipimus perire;
Nos ſtatim à cunis cita deſtinamur
Præda ſepulchro.

Occulit

Occulit mors insidias, ubi vix
Vix opinari est, rapidæve febris
Vim repentinam, aut malè pertinacis
Semina morbi.

Sin brevem posset superare Vita
Terminum, quicquid supereſt, vacivum
Illud ignavis supereſt, & imbe-
cillibus annis.

Detrahunt multum minuuntque sorti
Morbidi questus gemitusque anheli;
Ad parem crescunt numerum diesque
Atque dolores.

Siquis hæc vitet (quotus ille quisque est!)
Et gradu pergendo laborioso
Ad Tuum, fortasse Tuum, moretur
Reptilis ævum:

At videt, mœstum Tibi sæpe visum, in-
jurias, vim, furta, dolos, & inso-
lentiam, quo semper eunt, eodem
Ire tenore.

Nil ineſt rebus novitatis; id quod
Sæculum præsens videt, illud ipsum
Vidit elapsum priùs, & videbit
Omne futurum.

Temporum quicquid variatur, & quod
Uſpiam eſt nugarum & ineptiarum,
Unius volvi videt & revolvi
Circulus ævi.

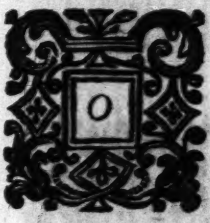
Integram Ætatem Tibi gratulamur;
Et dari nobis ſatis æſtimamus,
Si Tuam, ſaltem vacuam querelis,
Dimidiemus.

AD

AD GRILLUM,

Anacreonticum.

I.



Qui meæ culinæ
Argutulus Choraules,
Et Hoſpes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me ſalutes,
Et ipſe te rependam,
Et ipſe, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo muſâ.

II.

Dicêris innocenſque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut ſorices voraces,
Mureſve curioſi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domeſticorum;
Sed tutus in camini
Receſſibus, quiete
Contentus & calore.

III.

Beatior Cicadâ,
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et ſaltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud ſecundæ,
Æſtatis eſt Choriſta:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus-per univerſum
Incontinenter annum.

IV.

Te nulla Lux relinquit,
Te nulla Nox reviſit,
Non Muſicæ vacantem,
Curiſve non ſolutum:
Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos Homunciones
Abſumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

SOLITUDO REGIA

Richmondienſis.

Siquis uſpiam angulus,
Vel in receſſu ſylvulæ, vel horti,
Solitudini vacet;
Sit, ô! ſit illic, hoſpitâ ſub umbrâ,
Grata Regibus Quies.
Sub hac parumper agmen Aulicorum
Uſque & uſque ſupplicum,
Sub hac moleſtas gratulationes
Confluentium undique
Refugerint: tum veriùs beati,
Quando tædium imperî
Semoverint, onuſque dignitatis.
Grande quid vel aureum
Conſpexeris? nec illud eſt, nec illud,
Principes quod augeat:
Prudentiâ ſed ritè temperatum
Pectus, & ſuî potens
Auguſta mens, felix, abundè felix,

In silentis tesa
Nec illi, superbi quos juvenat tumultus,
Invidete cellulam:
Laudet, æquum est, hac brevi quiete,
Otioque simplici,
Salute qui pro civium laborant.

HYMNUS PASCHALIS.

QUEM præferebas, horror ubi tuus,
O Orce, nondum funeribus satur?
Victoriæ, quas jactitabas,
O ubi sunt, avidum Sepulchrum?

Mors & Sepulchrum, cedite; cedite,
Vinc'lis solutis; nam moritur modo,
Ut vincat, & victor resurgit
Ad superos Deus, ut triumphet.

Mutua Benevolentia primaria Lex Naturæ eſt.

PER Libyæ Androcles *ſiccas errabat arenas,*
Qui vagus iratum fugerat exul Herum.
Laſſato tandem, fractoque labore viarum,
Ad ſcopuli patuit cæca caverna latus.
Hanc ſubit; & placidæ dederat vix membra quieti,
Cùm ſubitò immanis rugit ad antra Leo:
Ille pedem attollens læſum, & miſerabile murmur
Edens, quâ poterat voce, precatur opem.
Perculſus novitate rei, incertuſque timore,
Vix tandem tremulas admovet Erro manus:
Et ſpinam explorans (nam fixa in vulnere ſpina
Hærebat) cauto molliter ungue trahit.
Continuò dolor omnis abit, teter fluit humor;
Et coit, abſterſo ſanguine, rupta cutis.
Nunc iterum ſylvas dumoſque peragrat; & affert
Providus aſſiduas hoſpes ad antra dapes.

Juxtà

Juxtà epulis accumbit Homo convivæ Leonis,
Nec crudos dubitat participare cibos.
Quis tamen ista ferat desertæ tædia vitæ!
Vix furor ultoris tristior esset Heri.
Devotum certis caput objectare periclis,
Et patrios statuit rursus adire Lares.
Traditur hîc, fera facturus spectacula plebi,
Accipit & miserum tristis Arena Reum.
Irruit è caveis fors idem impastus, & acer,
Et Medicum attonito suspicit ore Leo;
Suspicit, & veterum agnoscens vetus hospes amicum,
Decumbit notos blandulus ante pedes.
Quid verò perculsi animis stupuêre Quirites?
Ecquid prodigii, territa Roma, vides?
Unius Naturæ opus est; ea sola furorem
Sumere quæ jussit, ponere sola jubet.

Cantabrigiæ, *in Comitiis prioribus*, $17\frac{16}{17}$.

A D

AD
DAVIDEM COOK
WESTMONASTERII
Cuſtodem Nocturnum & Vigilantiſſimum,
Anno 1716.

INdicium qui ſæpe mihi das carmen amoris,
Reddo tibi indicium carmen amoris Ego.
Qui fauſtum & felix multum mihi mane precaris;
Dico atque ingemino nunc tibi rurſus, ave.
Te neque dinumerat Gallus conſtantiùs horas,
Nec magis is certo provocat ore diem.
Cùm variis implent tenebræ terroribus orbem,
Tu comite aſſuetum cum cane carpis iter.
Nec te, quos ſeræ emittunt poſt vina popinæ,
Nec te, quos Lemures plurima vidit anus;
Nec te perterrent, nodoſo ſtipite fretum,
Subdola qui tacito pectore furta parant.
Sed ſicui occurras, primâ qui portat ad urbem
Sub luce, exiguus quas dedit hortus opes,
Hunc placidis dictis, & voce affaris amicâ;
Utque dies fauſtâ luce, precaris, eat.

Tinnitu

Tumultu adventum signant, orientur an æstus,
Narras, an purè lucida Luna micet.
Dumque quies nos alta manet, nec frigoris ullus
Securos, pluviæ nec metus ullus habet;
Tu gelidos inter ventos versaris & imbres,
Cùm mala tempestas, & nigra sævit hiems.
Seu te præsentem vicus, seu viculus, audit;
Nocturnum multo carmine fallis iter.
Quid si, culta minùs, doctâ vacet arte Poesis,
Si simplex versus sit, numerique rudes;
Invidiam Somnus (tanta Indulgentia Noctis)
Opprimit; & Livor, te recitante, silet.
Divorum hyberni menses quotcunque celebrant,
Cuique locum & versum dat tua Musa suum:
Crispino ante omnes; neque enim sine carmine fas est
Nobile Sutorum præteriisse decus.
Nec tua te pietas fieri permiserit unquam
Cæsaris immemorem Cæsareæque domûs.
Officio Dominos multo Dominasque salutas:
Gratia nec fidæ sedulitatis abest.
Multa docens juvenes, & pulchras multa puellas,
Utile tu pueris virginibusque canis:
Conjugium felix monitis utentibus optas,
Cunctaque quæ castus gaudia lectus habet.
Tu monitor famulis sexûs utriusque benignus,
Munditias illis præcipis, hisce fidem.
Omnibus at votis hoc oras, atque peroras,
Ut dominis cedant prospera quæque tuis.

Unum

Unum hoc præ cunctis meminisse hortaris, ut imis
Summus etiam æquet mortis amica manus.
Quid tibi pro tantidem meritis speremus? amori
Quisve tuo æqualis retribuatur amor?
Tuque tuusque canis si nos viseris, iterque
Grati eritis nobis, tuque tuusque canis.
Mille domos adeas, & non ignobile munus
(Nulla minus solido) dent tibi mille domus:
Quemque bonum exoptas nobis, lætumque Decembrem,
Esto tibi pariter lætus, & esto bonus.

In Obitum Roussæi, Collegio Trinitatis servi à Cubiculis.

Anno 1721.

ALme Charon, (*nam tandem omnes, qui nascimur & qui*
Nascemur, tua nos Cymba aliquando manet;)
Per ripas ser circùm oculos, omnesque recense
Manes, ad Stygias qui glomerantur aquas;
Prospice, si crassam fors exploraveris Umbram,
Non est in toto crassior Umbra loco.
Luctantem cernes, Animasque hinc inde minores
Turbantem, ut cubito pandat utroque viam.
Squalidus & pinguis totus, tibi Navita dextram
Tendet, ad Elysii trajiciendus agros.
Dum vixit, Roussæus *erat, nostri accola* Cami;
Quem puerum novit, novit & Unda senem.
Navita non illo melior fuit; esset agenda
Seu remis, conto seu subigenda, ratis.
Nec quisquam ex humero contorsit rete sinistro,
Certius incautis piscibus exitium.
Quid tamen hæc memoro, Camus *cùm perfidus idem*
Roussæum *inviso* merserit *amne suum!*

Hunc

Hunc noſtra ut reddas cælo, te carmine multo,
Alme Charon, Grantæ *mœſta juventa petit.*
Sin Parcæ prohibent, & inexorabilis Orci,
Quem petimus, reditum Lex inimica vetat:
Hoc ſaltem concede; admotâ ad littora cymbâ,
Per Stygium Nautam tranſvehe Nauta lacum.
Nec poſcas naulum; loculos nam vivus inanes
Geſſit, & haud obolum, quem tibi ſolvat, habet.
Quòd ſi tam crebras tranſmittere te piget Umbras,
Et longum refugis, Portitor unus, opus:
Accipe diviſi ſocium comitemque laboris;
Diviſus levior fiet utrique labor.
Adde quòd (ut ſimiles eſtis) dubitabitur, utrum
Rouſſæus *geminus ſit, geminuſve* Charon.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM in Canem.

PAuperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
Fixit inoffenso gressu, gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quà prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam:
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter & alter,
Queis corda & mentem indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in Somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte Senectâ,

Quæ

Quæ modum direxit, mutatique satellitis ævum
Orbemque Dominum: Pœnæ sed gratia facti
Ne tota caperet, longis dilata per annis,
Enigma hunc Iras tumulatæ de cæspite fecit,
Esse insons, non ingrata, manu scisa dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, Dominumque Canemque
Quod memoret, fidumque Canem, Dominumque benignum.

DENNERI *ANUS.

DOctum Anus artificem, juſtè celebrata, fatetur,
Denneri *pinxit quam ſtudioſa manus.*
Nec ſtupor eſt oculis, fronti nec ruga ſevera;
Flaccida nec ſulcis pendet utrinque gena.
Nil habet illepidum, moroſum aut triſte tabella;
Argentum capitis præter, anile nihil.
Apparent nivei vittæ ſub margine cani,
Fila colorati qualia Seres habent.
Lanugo mentum, ſed quæ tenuiſſima, veſtit;
Molliſque, & qualis Perſica mala tegit.
Nulla vel è minimis fugiunt ſpiracula viſum;
At neque lineolis de cutis ulla latet.
Spectatum veniunt, novitas quos allicit uſquam,
Quoſque vel ingenii fama, vel artis amor.
Adveniunt juvenes; &, Anus ſi poſſit amari,
Dennere, *agnoſcunt hoc meruiſſe tuam.*

---

* *Din publico fuit ſpectaculo egregia hæc Tabella, in Areâ Palatinâ exteriori, juxta Fanum Weſtmonaſterienſe.*

Adveniunt hilares Nymphæ; similemque senectam,
Tam pulchram & placidam dent sibi fata, rogant.
Matronæ adveniunt, vetulæque fatentur in ore
Quòd nihil horrendum ridiculumve vident.
Quantus honos arti, per quam placet ipsa Senectus;
Quæ facit, ut Nymphis invideatur Anus!
Pictori cedit quæ gloria, cùm nec Apelli
Majorem famam det Cytherea suo!

AD
JOHANNEM PERKINS
Aſtrologum Cantabrigienſem.

LUſit, amabiliter luſit Fortuna jocoſa,
Et tunc, ſiquando, tunc oculata fuit;
*Cùm tibi, Johannes, * Newtoni ſternere lectum,*
Cùm tibi Muſæum verrere Diva dedit.
Nam dum ille intentus ſtudiis cœleſtibus hæſit,
Concipiens ambos mente capace polos;
Quantâ cum ſtellis ſtellæ, cumque orbibus orbes,
Harmoniâ ſervent, quoque tenore, vices:
Impete quo curſum acceleret per inane Cometes,
Urgeat ut rapidam præcipitetque fugam:
Hæc ille expendens animo, dum Schemata docta
Format, & ad numeros grande reducit opus.

* Iſaaci Newton, *Eq. Aur. cujus Fama longiori annotatione non egt.*

Tu quoque cognatus ſtellis, Martique Jovique,
Mercurio & Veneri, non rudis hoſpes eras:
Tuque Genethliacas ſollers quadrare tabellas,
Felix natalis necne ſit hora, doces;
Quo junctum affectu fuerit cum ſidere ſidus,
Quo, legis, aſpectu res homineſque regat.
Tuque etiam, interpres fatorum, & nuncius aſtris,
Callidus æthereas es reſerare domos.
Quem meritis Fortuna tuis indulſit honorem,
O adeò illuſtri digne miniſter hero!
Quis non invideat frater tibi muneris illud?
Quis tua non laudet ſidera φιλομαθής?
Cùm Muſis Muſæ famulantur, & Artibus Artes,
Majori (ut fas eſt) obſequioſa minor;
Nec melior lex eſt, nec convenientior æquo,
Quàm quòd & Aſtronomo ſerviat Aſtrologus.

EPILOGUS ÆTHIOPISSÆ,

Ad Terentii Eunuchum.

OPprobrium in ſexûs, ſtatuâ taciturnior ipsâ;
Et pro Perſonâ Dramatis umbra fui.
Sic Author voluit, ſic Afræ haud candidus Afer;
Quàm non humanam! quàm populare parum!
Quin tandem adventum Vobis, feſtiva Corona,
Ipſa meis verbis gratulor, ore meo.
Spectatum venio: venioque, ut ſpectèr & ipſa;
Eſt etiam in noſtro multa colore fides.
Eſt mea (ſiqua mihi eſt) ſine fuco, fraude, vel arte,
Neſcia mutari forma, ſuique tenax.
Unguentis utor nullis, medicamine nullo;
Quid juvet, ignoro, Regia mellis aqua.
Nec maculis ſtellata hîc interſpergor & illic;
Non equidem nigrâ nigrior eſſe velim.
Lotio ſola mihi eſt de purâ & ſimplice lymphâ;
Et vereor, quàm ſit vanus & iſte labor.
At nivei mihi ſunt, pæti ſine pulvere, dentes;
Quale nec Indorum purius albet ebur.

Siaeribus

Sideribus ſimiles fulgere videtis ocellos,
Angliacam poſſent qui decorâſſe nurum.
Mollitiem talpæ ſuperant mea labra: Quis, equis
Libabit——quàm ſint oſcula mollicula?
Hæc ego liberiùs; ſed ſalvo, ut ſpero, pudore:
Cernitis, ingenuus ſignat ut ora rubor!
Sin minùs obſectem, tot flammas inter & ignes;
(Uſque adeo eſt noſtræ Lux inimica cuti)
Si placet, extingui tantùm mandate lucernas;
Protinus in tenebris altera Thais ero.

Idem agit Idem.

FElicula ad ſpeculum ſaltu laſcivit herile,
Laſcivam ſaltu feliculamque videt.
Nigra videt nigram; bicolor naſo, bicolorem;
Glaucaque torquentem lumina, glauca tuens.
Et ſociam ad luſus lentæ incurvamine caudæ
Provocat, & lepidi mobilitate pedis.
Utraque utramque laceſſit, & utraque palpat utramque;
Et molle oppoſitos explicat unguiculos.
Jam tumet in tergum, & ſimulatas expuit iras;
Et tumet, & ſimiles expuit umbra minas:
Quænam hæc ſit, Mima unde ſuî tam mimica, quærit
Felis, an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſiet.
Te quoque, præſentem præſens, quam quæris, & Illa
Quærit, an in ſpeculo, poſt ſpeculumne, ſies.
Alterutra alterutram quæritque & decipit; idque
Feliculæ facitis, quod facis una, duæ.

Simile agit in Simile.

CRiſtatus, pictiſque ad Thaida Pſittacus alis,
Miſſus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
Archididaſcaliæ dat ſibi Thais opus.
Pſittace, ait Thais, fingitque ſonantia molle
Baſia, quæ docilis molle refingit Avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat Tyrunculus; & jam
Integrat auditos articulatque ſonos.
Pſittace mi pulcher pulchelle, Hera dicit alumno;
Pſittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus Heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, decieſque ægrotat in horâ,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque ſuo.
Multaque ſcurratur mendax, & multa jocatur,
Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudit Fratrem, qui ſuſpicit, & Pol!
Carnalis, quiſquis te docet, inquit, Homo eſt;
Argutæ nunc ſtridet anûs argutulus inſtar;
Reſpicit, & nebulo es, quiſquis es, inquit Anus.

Quando fuit melior Tyro, melioreve Magiſtra!
Quando duo ingeniis tam coiere pares!
Ardua diſcenti nulla eſt, res nulla docenti
Ardua; cùm doceat Fœmina, diſcat Avis.

Agens & Patiens ſunt ſimul.

DUxit Acon Leonillam; haud una atque altera luna
Interiit, malè cùm ſe nova nupta tulit:
Os pallet, languent oculi, ſtomachoque ſit iſta
Nauſea, quæ gravidas denotat eſſe nurus.
Eſto fides dictis; eadem quoque Nauſea Aconti eſt,
Pallidus eſt pariter vultus, ocellus hebes.
Nutrix, ſedula Anus, fomenta utrique miniſtrat,
Cardiacùm uxori, Cardiacumque viro.
Quis novus hic, Nutrix, morbus? ſocii unde dolores?
Quâve ſumus gravidi conditione viri?
Nutrix, callida Anus, ſint, inquit, utrique Voluptas;
Æqua ſatis Lex eſt, ut ſit utrique Dolor.

FANATICUS.

Conscendit Tremulus primùm cùm pulpita Frater,
Stat tacitus, multumque screans, ut vocis apertum
Pandat iter, geminas, positis propè dactylothecis,
Ad cœlum attollit palmas; tum lumina claudens
Dat gemitum, secumque diu submurmurat intus.
Vox tandem erumpit; deinde altera, & altera deinde:
At lento passu, gemitu priùs interjecto.
Mox animos sensim revocans, residemque furorem,
Vim dictis paulatim addit; jam subsilit, & jam
Stans pede suspenso, tentat quid possit anheli
Pulmonis, laterumque labor; per tempora rivis
It salsus sudor; tandem Fanatica surgit
Tempestas, totasque quatit clamoribus ædes.
Haud aliter leni nutantes flamine ramos
Insurgens agitat Boreas, tremulasque susurrat
Per frondes; mox buccam utramque animosior inflat,
Et validos quassat celso cum vertice truncos:
Pòst, ubi collectæ vires, majorque tumultus
Per totam auditur sylvam, ab radicibus imis
Sternit humi antiquas quercus, rapidamque procellam
Agglomerat, latâque implet nemus omne ruinâ.

In Posthumam Effigiem JOHANNIS FERMOR, Arm. Ad Præcepta Dom. *HENRICI FERMOR*, Baronetti, Summâ cum Fide delineatam.

DEfuncti Effigiem Fratris mandare tabellæ
Frater, & in vitam vult revocare novam.
Sed quænam abſentes vultus deſcribet arundo?
Quis referet ſuccis ora ſepulta labor?
Hæc ora, hos vultus memori ſub pectore Frater,
(Sume, Opifex, calamum) quos tibi dictet, habet.
Dictanti attentus Pictor, peramabile transfert
Paulatim, ex animo præcipientis, opus.
Jam propior ſimili propiorque alludere Forma
Incipit, & juſſas exprimit Umbra Notas;
Jam noti arrident vultus, & frontis apertæ
Candida ſimplicitas, & generoſa fides:
Jam coràm, & præſens, ipſiſſima vivit Imago;
Oh! quantum pietas ingenioſa poteſt!
Noli ultra ſævos, Mors ô, jactare triumphos;
Cætera qui vincit, te quoque vincit Amor.

NO-

NOVARCA.

Pacis amans Carolus *Regale excudit in auro*
Votum, quàm populi ſit ſibi chara ſalus.
Omnia concordi ſpondet felicia regno,
Unitæ ut creſcant, & geminentur opes.
Fruſtra! inimica piis obſtat Diſcordia votis,
Irarum & multæ cladis iniqua parens.
Informis, pauper, lamellaque abenea, rerum,
Indicat, ut facies mœſta ſit, ut ſit inops.
Pro Caroli *titulis, pro vultu & imagine ſacrâ,*
Unica ſtat mœſtis nuda Novarca *notis.*
Fatale exemplum! Caroli *quod vota docere,*
Anglia *quod nequiit ſalva,* Novarca, *docet.*

Ad Heemskirkum.

Festivi ingenii multique, Heemskirke, leporis!
Pictorum Princeps Batavorum! ut teque tuosque
Mirari juvat, & risu laudare labores!
Tu modo, tu veniam conanti indulseris æquam,
Binas è multis, si fors imitamine possit,
Transferre in chartam tentat mea Musa tabellas.
Prima casam agrestem, fixumque in pariete carmen
Describit, solidosque duos & quatuor asses,
Hesterni pretium potûs. Hîc civis obesus
Spectatur Belga, à lepido cui vertice nutat
Pileus in lævam suspensus, & amphora totum
Ostendit nudata sinum ventremque capacem.
Obtutu stupet ille inhians, vultuque fatente
Mœrorem, aut quassat caput, aut quassare videtur;
Frustra inhiat, frustra solitos desiderat haustus!
Horrendum vacuum, atque ingens est intus inane.
Stat bonus à socii tergo compotor, & imum
Vas cautè explorat, tetroque inamabilis ore
Et vacuam destet testam, vacuamque crumenam.
Scamno interposito binos habet altera nautas
Pictis conantes chartis quid possit uterque.
Cernere depositum est utriusque in pignora nummos,

Vincenti pretium palmæ: Diadem alter, & alter
Fatalem ostendit Triadem, palmamque requirit.
Ille indignatus vinci, mortisque labella
Compressans, horretque comis, mensæque ferocem
Impingit pugnum, damnans chartasque Deosque.
Improbus interea victor subridet ineptum
Et miserum illudit victum, fruiturque triumpho.
Innixus cubito, juxta caput interponit
Naris homo emunctæ, bene qui totam subolet rem,
Fortunæ calletque vices, vultuque loquaci
Sic tristem hortatur socium; quando, inquit, amice,
Sese ita res habeat, frustra emendare querendo
Fortunam speras, inimicaque fata lacessis:
Ira nocet nimiique animi, namque acriùs æquo
Adversam Fortunam urges, nimioque furore
Spem luges deceptam: at tu, me judice, rebus
Nec dubiis diffide nimis, nec crede secundis.

HOBSONI Lex.

Complures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobſonus alebat
In ſtabulo longo, quos lacitaret, equos.
Hac lege, ut foribus ſtaret qui proximus, ille
Suſciperet primas, ſolus & ille, vices.
Aut hunc, aut nullum——ſua pars ſit cuique laboris;
Aut hunc, aut nullum——ſit ſua cuique quies.
Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda Togato;
Proximus hic foribus, proximus eſto viæ.
Optio tam prudens cur non huc uſque retenta eſt?
Tam bona cur unquam Lex abolenda fuit?
Hobſoni veterem normam revocare memento;
Tuque iterum Hobſoni, Granta, videbis equos.

EQUES

EQUES EXTEMPORANEUS.

CAlcari inſtruitur Juvenis; geminove vel uno,
Haud multùm, aut ocreis cujus, & unde, refert;
Fors fortaſſe ſuo, fortaſſe aliunde, flagello;
Quantulacunque ſui, pars tamen ipſe ſui.
Sic ritè armatus, quinis (& fortè minoris)
Conductum Solidis ſcandere geſtit equum.
Lætus & impavidus, quà ſert fortuna (volantem
Cernite) quadrupedem pungit, & urget iter.
Admiſſo curſu, per rura, per oppida, fertur:
Adlatrant catuli, multaque ridet anus.
Jamque ferox plagis, erectâ ad verbera dextrâ,
Calce cruentato laſſat utrumque latus.
Impete ſed tanto vixdum confecerit ille
Millia propoſitæ ſexve, novemve, viæ:
Viribus abſumptis, feſſuſque labore, Caballus
Sternit in immundum ſeque equitemque lutum.
Vectus iter peraget curru plauſtrove Viator?
Proh pudor & facinus! cogitur ire pedes.

Si, nec interpretum, senioreſ̃ juniorē audis,
Quæ ſint exiguæ munuſcula diſce meæ.
Quam tibi præcipio, brevis eſt, ſed regula certa:
Oculis ut poſſis pergere, lautus eas.

THRAX.

THreicium infantem, cùm lucem intravit & auras,
Fletibus excepit mæſtus uterque parens.
Threicium infantem, cùm luce exivit & auris,
Extulit ad funus lætus uterque parens.
Interea, tu Roma, & tu tibi, Græcia, plaudens,
Dicitis, hæc vera eſt Thraïca barbaries.
Lætitiæ cauſam, cauſamque exquirite luctûs:
Eſt, quod vos doceat Thraïca barbaries.

In Effigiem Dominæ

CATHARINÆ HYDE.

KNellerî egregios vidit Cytherea (a) *labores,*
Nympharum varios habitus, vultusque venustos,
Quis frontis divinus honos, quæ gratia cuique
Dissimilis, formæque suæ benè conscia Diva,
(b) *Sic ego (monstravitque manu) sic ora ferebam,*
Inquit, in Ideo referens certamine pomum.
(c) *Me mihi, si memini, talem pellucidus amnis,*
Me talem exhibuit speculum. (d) *Sic me quoque pulchram,*
Nativo exortam fluctu cum pinxit, & udæ
Siccantem in ripa crines, descripsit Apelles:
Sic nivea ornârunt fusi mea colla capilli,
(e) *Ploravi viduata meum sic, inquit, Adonin,*
Et tales gessi vultus mœrore decoros.
At cùm conspexit (f) Miram, *cui dulcis in ore*
Majestas, blandisque nitor suffusus ocellis,

(a) *Intellige Imagines quasdam à G. Kneller Bar. depictas.*
(b) *Hon. Dom.* Sherrard.
(c) *Comitissam de* Sunderland.
(d) *Com. de* Ranelagh.
(e) *Com. de* Salisbury.
(f) *Dom.* Cath. Hyde.

Constitit,

Conſtitit, obtutuque hærens, formoſior, inquit,
Aut Hæc eſt nobis, aut nos malè pinxit Apelles.

Lachrymæ Pictoris.

INfantem audivit puerum, ſua gaudia, Apelles
Intempeſtivo fato obiiſſe diem.
Ille, licèt triſti perculſus imagine mortis,
Proferri in medium corpus inane jubet.
Et calamum, & ſuccos poſcens, hos accipe luctus,
Mærorem hunc, dixit, nate, Parentis habe.
Dixit; &, ut clauſit, clauſos depinxit ocellos;
Officio pariter fidus utrique Pater.
Frontemque, & crines, nec adhuc pallentia formans
Oſcula, adumbravit lugubre Pictor opus.

Perge, Parens, mœrendo tuos expendere luctus;
Nondum opus abſolvit triſte ſuprema manus.

Vidit adhuc molles Genitor ſuper oſcula riſus;
Vidit adhuc Veneres irrubuiſſe genis:
Et teneras raptim veneres, blandoſque lepores,
Et tacitos riſus tranſtulit in tabulam.

Pingendo

Pingendo desiste tuum signare dolorem ;
Filioli longùm vivet imago Tui :
Vivet, & æternâ vives Tu laude ; nec Arte
Vincendus Pictor, nec Pietate Pater.

EPITAPHIUM

In septem Annorum Puellulam.

QUAM suavis mea Chloris, & venusta,
Vitæ quàm fuerit brevis, monebunt
Hîc circùm Violæ Rosæque fusæ ;
Quarum purpura, vix aperta, clausa est.

Sed nec dura nimis vocare fata,
Nec fas est nimiùm queri caducæ
De formæ brevitate, quam rependit
Æterni diuturnitas odoris.

PIETAS RUBECULÆ.

QUÆ Tibi Regalis dederant Diadematis aurum,
Dant & funereum Fana, MARIA, tholum.
Quisque suis vicibus, mœsto stant ordine flentes;
Oreque velato fœmina triste silet.
Parva avis interea, residens in vertice summo,
Emittit tremula lugubre voce melos.
Vespera nec claudit, nec lucem Aurora recludit,
Quin eadem repetat funebre carmen avis.
Tale nihil dederint vel Mausolæa: MARIÆ
Hæc pietas soli debita vera fuit.
Venales lachrymæ, jussique facessite fletus;
Sumptibus hic nullis luctus emendus erat.

VERU-

VERULAMIUM.

QUA juxta Albani Divique & Martyris ædes
Humphredo ſervat de Duce quod ſupereſt;
Urbs ſtabat, quondam inſignis, nunc arva ſegeſque,
Abdita nunc ipſo, merſa, ſepulta ſolo.
Quo jam murorum turrita ſuperbia ceſſit!
Quid ſibi jam reliquum, quid niſi nomen habet!
Nil niſi nomen habet——ſed & omni illuſtrius urbe,
Nullaque quo major gloria, nomen habet.
Reſtat adhuc, reſtabit adhuc per ſæcula longa,
Nomine Bacconi *nobilitata ſui:*
Quæ, cùm deſierit Verulamius *Ille vocari,*
Nil niſi nunc Nomen, tunc neque Nomen erit.

AD

RICHARDUM LAMB,

Nec S. T. P. nec M. D. nec LL. D.

Neque Doctorem in Musicâ;

Sed, ex Usu ut constat vulgato,

Doctorem,

EPISTOLA FAMILIARIS.

QUI doctis aliquot studiis impenderit annos,
Hunc Granta exornat, vel Rhedycina, Gradu.
Quisquis & egregiam meditando invenerit Artem,
Ille sit, (& fas est) Doctor in arte suâ.
Hoc Tibi debetur; quanquam nihil addere famæ
Nomina vel possunt magna, Gradusve, Tuæ.
Hoc Tibi debetur; quòd Te nec doctior alter
Ungues vel manuum, vel resecare pedum.
Nec magis est præsens Opifer, cùm Cynthia crescat;
Et, cùm decrescat Cynthia, nemo magis.
Ne manus armetur rabie, tua maxima cura est;
Longus, quod rabiem colligat, unguis habet:
Proxima, mundities; ut sint sine sordibus ungues;
Longus, quod sordes contrahat, unguis alit.

Pulc hr

Pulchra (quod addè) manus citharam decorabit eburnam;
Nec tenuem interdum dedecorabit acum.
Sive quid excreſcat pedibus, pluviam unde futuram,
Unde vices cæli præſcia diſcit anus;
Seu durum excruciet tuber, ſeu mollius urat,
Dat tuus extemplo culter amicus opem.
Saltibus hinc habiles matronæ, habileſque Puellæ;
Cùm poſcant larvas tempora, cúmque choros.
Doctor ab his ideo vocitare, & Doctor ab illis:
Moribus id, ſtudiis, ingenioque datur.
Sin meritis Rhedycina Tuis, ſin invida Granta
Hunc titulum Juris dixerit eſſe ſui;
Si Tua noluerint augeri nomina binis
Saltem literulis, literuliſve tribus:
Augeri nequeunt: Nam Te Tua Fama ſequetur;
Qui (quod nulla vetet Lex) OPERATOR eris.

RECONCILIATRIX.

CRescentes laudes Natura invviderat Arti;
Et sibi rivalem nescia ferre parem;
Divinam effinxit Nympham, & formam addidit ori,
Cui Cypriæ posset cedere forma Deæ.
Hanc videt Ars, vincique dolet; doctosque resumens
Knellesi calamos, æmula tentat opus:
Depingit suavesque genas, mollesque capillos,
Et colla intactâ candidiora nive.
Virginei rubor idem, eademque est gratia vultûs;
Et similis roseo spirat in ore decor.
Hinc nec certamen vult illa iterare vel illa;
Contenta & felix utrâque laude suâ.
Gloria Naturæ atque Artis, componere tantas
*Quæ potuit lites unica, ** Mira *fuit.*

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* Vide Pag. 110.

ODE

O D E

Magiſtri GULIELMI SHAKESPEAR,

Verſione Latinâ donata.

VIX matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem
Umbroſa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cùm ſecum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
Adventum expectans ſedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub ſalicis ſedit ramis, ubi ſæpe ſolebat
Procumbens faſtum depoſuiſſe puer.
Æſtus erat gravis; at gravior ſub pectore Divæ
Qui fuit, & longè ſævior, æſtus erat.
Mox puer advenit, poſuitque à corpore veſtem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituiſſe ratus.
Utque Deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis inſiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum, fraudemque ſuperbam
Ut videt, his mæſtis ingemit illa modis:
Cur, ex æquoreæ ſpumâ cùm naſcerer undæ,
Non ipſa, O inquit Jupiter! unda fui!

Schola

Schola Rhetorices.

LOndini *ad pontem*, Billingî *nomine*, *porta eſt*,
Unde ferunt virides oſtrea Nereides.
Hîc ſibi perpetuam legit Facundia ſedem;
Nec Modus hîc verbis, neve Figura deeſt.
Sermonem denſis Oratrix floribus ornat,
Et fundit varios, ingeminatque, Tropos.
Et nervi, & veneres, & vis, & copia fandi
Inſunt; & juſtum ſingula pondus habent.
O ſedes, totidem multùm celebrata per annos!
Omne tibi roſtrum cedit, & omne forum.
Utraque, quos malit, titulos Academia jactet:
At tibi Linguarum Janua *nomen erit.*

Canis

Canis & Echo.

PUris in cælo radiis argentea Luna
In Tamisis tremulâ luce refulsit aquis.
Improbus hoc vidit catulus, ringensque malignum
Solvit in indignos ora proterva modos:
Lunamque in cælo, Lunamque aggressus in undis,
In sidus pariter sævus utrumque furit.
Sub ripis latuit fors ulterioribus Echo,
Audiit & vanas ludicra Nympha minas:
Audiit; & rabie rabiem lepidissima vindex
Ulcisci statuit, parque referre pari.
Ille repercussæ deceptus imagine vocis,
Irarum impatiens jam magis, estque magis.
Reddere latratus pergit latratibus Echo;
Quemque Canis statuit, servat Imago modum.
Tandem ubi lassatæ fauces, & spiritus, & vox;
Defervet rabies tota, siletque Canis.
Et poterat siluisse priùs; Furor omnis ineptus,
Omnisque in sese futilis ira redit.

Crura adſcititia.

HAnc Puer (& Pueri mentem quoque Gloria tangit)
Artem habet, ut ſeſe tollere poſſit humo:
Selecta ex baculis duo ligna abiegna requirit,
Quatuor ad ſpatium pluſve minuſve pedum.
His etiam, ut meliùs veſtigia firmet, equino
De corio affigit fortia lora duo.
Quæ poſtquam clavis ſuprà devinxit & infrà,
Ipſe ſuum ſcandit, quod fabricavit, opus,
Cautoque incedit, prima ad tentamina, greſſu,
Et nova cum multo crura tremore movet.
Mox ubi ſe didicit libramine pendere juſto,
Hinc inde intrepidos fertque refertque gradus.
Saxa per & plateas largis vult paſſibus ire;
Qua via per medium, qua via nulla, lutum.
Cùm ſubito (audentes Fortuna nec uſque juvabit
Proſpera) in immundam præcipitatur humum.
Quid faciat Patris metuens, metuenſque magiſtri!
Quo fugiat tunicas ſqualidus, ora, manus!
Quin iterum aſcendat, magnis licèt excidat auſis;
Si malè nunc fuerit, non malè ſemper erit.

Altiùs in cælum valido pila ſurgit ab ictu;
Gaudet & à plagis ocyùs ire trochus.
In geminis didicit quicunque incedere lignis,
Cruribus hic poterit tutiùs ire ſuis.

Roſa : ad Stellam.

DEliciæ juvenum, Nympharum hodierna voluptas,
Ecce ea, quo rubeat, Stella, rubore Roſa!
Stella, vide quantum foliis ſuffundat honorem!
Explicet ad Solem purpura quale decus!
Cras, Stella, exemplum pulchris lachrymabile, eandem
Arentem, laceram, pallidulamque vide.
Stella, roſæ miſerere; & dum miſerere, memento,
Quòd brevis eſt ævi, quòd Tua forma Roſa eſt.

In Feneſtram Septentrionalem Fani Weſtmonaſterienſis.

——Renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidêre.

ANtiquam Petri *quæ pulchrè illuminat Ædem,*
Artificem agnoſcit picta feneſtra manum.
Circulus illuſtris ſummâ ſplendeſcit in orâ,
Divus Apoſtolici, cum Duce, quiſque Chori.
Cæleſtes intus facies, vultuſque videntur
Aligeri: in medio Biblia ſacra patent.
Quàm benè miſcentur, ſua per loca quiſque, colores!
Quàm benè cæruleum, purpureumque decus!
Quàm Lumen ſolenne, & quàm venerabilis Umbra!
Spectantem ut recreat Lumen! ut Umbra juvat!
Quæ pænè interiit longos Pictura per annos,
Illuxit bibulo jam rediviva vitro:
Jamque recens iterum, jam noſtrâ ætate revixit
Clariùs, antiquæ laudis & artis opus.

ALEXANDER

Alexander & Xerxes.

Flet Macedo, ſibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil ſupereſſe ſuis:
Flet Xerxes, quòd nemo ſuis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cùm veniet, nemo ſuperſtes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lachrymas: ego laudo dolorem
Humanum; & tecum, Perſa, dolere volo.

In Statuam Sepulchralem Infantis dormientis.

Infans venuſte, qui ſacros dulces agens
In hoc ſopores marmore,
Placidiſſimâ quiete compoſtus jaces,
Et inſcius culpæ & metûs,
Somno fruaris, docta quam dedit manus
Sculptoris; & ſomno ſimul,
Quem neſcit Artifex vel Ars effingere,
Fruaris Innocentiæ.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
BENJAMINI FERRERS.
Pictoris Surdi & Muti;
Qui Obiit Anno MDCCXXXII.

ET Tu! Tune avidæ rapina mortis!
Et tu præda voracis es Sepulchri!
Nec virtus Tua Te redemit orco,
Nec vitæ tenor innocenter actæ!
At siquis pia prorogare Musa
Contracti spatio valebit ævi,
Te justum memorabit integrumque
Morum; Te tenebris silentioque
In lucem eripiet, dabitque famæ,
Annis quod deerat, superfuturæ.
Nascenti quòd & obseravit aures,
Et linguæ docilis negavit usum;
Hoc rerum Tibi consulebat Author:
Ne purum mala pectus inquinaret
Ubertas vitii, & libido culpæ;
Corruptam scelere, & fide carentem

Ne fraus argueret doluſque mentem:
Ut pravâ ſine labe, ſæculique
Præſens nequitiæ, nec intereſſes.
Humanas neque res & actiones
Spectabas minùs, ut vel hoc, vel illud,
Vel quidquam fugeret tuum ſagacem
Captum; quin calamis, & hoc & illud,
Expreſſum in tabulas ſtatim referres.
Quanquam nulla tibi neceſſitudo
Cum libris fuit; id rependit omne,
(Quod vitæ propius tuæ magiſque
Alluſit) ſtudium ſilentis Artis.
Maturi mihi vis amica fati
Cùm lucem ferè clauſerit ſupremam,
Tam ſanctè, placidè, piè peractam
Ætatem oh! recolam, recolligamque
Turpi crimine tam procul remotam;
Non eſt, quod ſuperos priùs rogârim.

Victoria Forenſis.

CAIO cum Titio lis & vexatio longa
Sunt de vicini proprietate ſoli.
Protinus ingentes animos in jurgia ſumunt
Utraque vincendi pars ſtudioſa nimis.
Lis tumet in ſchedulas, & jam verboſior, & jam:
Nec verbum quodvis aſſe minoris emunt.
Prætereunt menſes, & Terminus alter & alter;
Quiſque novos ſumptus, alter & alter, habent.
Ille Querens, hic Reſpondens pendente vocatur
Lite; ſed, ad finem Litis, uterque Querens.

Certamen Muſicum.

OCTO trans Tamiſin campanis Diva Maria;
Cis Tamiſin bis ſex Diva Brigetta ſonat.
Hæc tenues urget modulos properantiùs Ædes,
Alternat grandes lentiùs illa modos.
Nec quis in alterutro diſtinguat littore judex,
An magis hæc aurem captet, an illa magis.

Tanta

Tantæ eſt harmoniæ contentio Muſica; turris
Altera cum Numeros, altera Pondus habet.

Carmen Lapidarium.

HIC jaceo T. L.
Quinquagenarius;
Tuæ, Lector, exemplum mortalitatis:
Peccatis, doloribus & morbis
Ad ſepulchrum uſque depreſſus.
Qui vixerim, ſi neſcias, nolis ſciſcitari,
Si ſcias, malis obliviſci:
Hoc unicum contentus doceri,
Quòd in terram, cui tu pariter cognatus es,
Propero reſolvi:
Nec tu interim huc etiam deſcendere
Moraris.

PYRAMIS.

Pyramidum ſumptus, ad cœlum & ſidera ducti,
Quid dignum tantâ mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, niſi nigrum informe cadaver;
Durata in ſaxum eſt cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera tota!
Ergo tot annorum, tot manumque labor!
Integra ſit morum Tibi Vita; Hæc Pyramis eſto:
Et poterunt tumulo ſex ſatis eſſe pedes.

STRADÆ Philomela.

Paſtorem audivit calamis Philomela canentem,
Et voluit tenues ipſa referre modos;
Ipſa retentavit numeros, didicitque retentans
Argutum fidâ reddere voce melos.
Paſtor inaſſuetus rivalem ferre, miſellam
Grandius ad carmen provocat, urget avem.
Tuque etiam in modulos ſurgis, Philomela; ſed impar
Viribus, heu impar, exanimiſque cadis.
Durum certamen! triſtis victoria! cantum
Maluerit paſtor non ſuperâſſe tuum.

THES-

THESTYLIS Coqua.

Allia, ſerpyllum, rutamque & ſectile porrum
Theſtylis, & panis fruſtula dura coquit.
Juſculaque ut guſtu capiant meliore palatum,
Immittit ſalſæ pinguia terga ſuis.
Ruſticus hinc ſtomachum lenitque, & recreat artus;
Hinc corde exultat Meſſor, & ore nitet.
O labor! O ſudor! dulcis Conditor uterque!
Egregiam facitis Theſtylin eſſe Coquam.

CANTATRICES.

QUA ſeptem vicos conterminat una Columna,
Conſiſtunt Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ;
Stramineum capiti tegimen, collumque per omne
Ingentes electræ orbes: utrique pependit
Cruſtato veſtis cæno, limoque rigeſcens
Crure uſque à medio calcem defluxit ad imam.
Exiguam ſecum pendentem ex ubere natam
Altera; venales dextrâ tulit altera chartas.

His

His vix dispositis, pueri innuptæque puellæ
Accurrunt: Sutor primus, cui lorea vitta
Impediit crines, humili, quæ proxima stabat,
Proruit è cellâ, chartas, si fortè placerent,
Empturus; namque ille etiam se carmine multo
Oblectat, longos solus quo ritè labores
Diminuit, fallitque hybernæ tædia noctis.
Collecti murmur sensim increbescere vulgi
Audit; & excurrit nudis ancilla lacertis.
Incudem follesque & opus fabrile relinquens,
Se densæ immiscet plebi niger ora Pyracmon.
It juxtà, depressum ingens cui mantica tergum
Incurvat, tardo passu; simul ille coronam
Aspectat vulgi, spe carminis arrigit aures;
Statque moræ patiens, humeris nec pondera sentit.
Sic ubi Tartareum Regem Rhodopeïus Orpheus
Threiciis studuit fidibus mulcere, laboris
Immemor Æolides stupuit modulamina plectri,
Nec sensit funesti onera incumbentia saxi.
Sæpe interventus rhedæ crepitantis, ab illo
Vicorum, aut illo, stipantem hinc inde catervam
Dividit; at rursus coeunt, ubi transiit illa,
Ut coeunt rursus, puppis quas dividit, undæ.
Canticulæ interea narraverat argumentum
Altera Sirenum, infidi perjuria nautæ,
Deceptamque dolo Nympham: tum flebile carmen
Flebilibus movit numeris, quos altera versu
Alterno excepit: Patulis stant rictibus omnes;

Dextram

Dextram ille acclinat, lævam ille attentiùs aurem,
Promiſſum carmen captare paratus hiatu.
Longa refersre mora eſt, animum quâ vicerit arte
Virgineum juvenis. Jam poſcunt undique chartas
Protenſæ emptorum dextræ, quas illa vel illa
Diſtribuit, cantatque ſimul: Neque ferreus iſte
Eſt uſquam auditor, dulcis cui lene Camœna
Non adhibet tormentum, & furtivum elicit aſſem.
Stat medios inter baculoque innititur Irus;
Nec tamen hic loculo parcit, ſed prodigus æris
Emptor adeſt, ſolvit pretium, carmenque requirit.
Fors juxtà adſtabat vetula iracundior æquo;
Quæ loculo ex imo invitum, longúmque latentem
Depromens vix tandem obolum, cedo, fœmina, chartam,
Inquit; ut æternum monumentum in pariete figam,
Cum Laribus manſurum ipſis, quàm credula Nymphis
Pectora ſint; fraudis quàm plena, & perfida Nautis.

AD

AD
GULIELMUM HOGARTH,

Παραινετικόν.

QUI mores hominum improbos, ineptos,
Incîdis, nec inelegánter, æri,
Deriſor lepidus, ſed & ſeverus,
Correctór gravis, at nec invenuſtus;
Seu pingis meretricios amores,
Et ſcenas miſeræ viceſque vitæ;
Ut tentat pretio rudem puellam
Corruptrix anus, impudens, obeſa;
Ut ſe vix reprimit libidinoſus
Scortator, veneri paratus omni:
Seu deſcribere vis, facete Cenſor,
Bacchanalia ſera protrahentes
Ad confinia craſtinæ diei,
Fractos cum cyathis tubos, matellam
Non plenam modò ſed ſuperfluentem,
Et fortem validumque combibonem
Lætantem ſuper amphorâ repletâ:
Jucundiſſimus omnium feréris,

Nullique

Nullique Artificum ſecundus, ætas
Quos præſens dedit, aut dabit futura.
Macte ô, eja age, macte ſis amicus
Virtuti; vitiique quod notâris,
Pergas pingere, & exhibere coràm.
Cenſura utilior tua æquiorque
Omni vel Satirarum acerbitate,
Omni vel rigidiſſimo cachinno.

Plus ſcire oportet, quam loqui.

QUÆ gravitas oculis! & quæ Conſtantia fronti!
Sobrius ut toto pectore Bubo ſapit!
Ales Pythagorâ dignus, dignuſque Minervâ!
Sermonis parcus, conſiliique tenax!
Oh habitet tecum, Bubo, & ſit pectore in iſto,
Quicquid habes: quoties effluet, Omen erit.

Non es, quod ſimulas.

ANTE focum mutatque & lumina claudit herilem
Et ſtupida, & vultu ſeria, Felis anus:
Nil ea laſcivi ſaltûs meminiſſe videtur;
Luſûs, ſi ſpectes, nil juvenilis habet,

Sed

Sed grave, ſed prudens quamvis, caſtumque tuetur,
Caudam, cùm tempus fert, agitare poteſt.

Oceanus Prædator & Reſtitutor.

ABluit Oceanus terras hinc inde jacentes;
Excavat & ripas, ſubtus edendo, ſalum.
At neque contrahitur tellus ſubducta rapinis,
At neque fit ſurtis auctior unda ſuis.
Nam parte ex aliâ deſertam extendit arenam
Littus, & è mediis inſula creſcit aquis.
Nil prodeſt Lucrum, cui Damna æqualia: fines
Oceanus mutat, ſed ſuperare nequit.

Parentis Solicitudo.

PLumaſque, & pilos, & muſcum hinc colligit illinc,
Fœtibus ut nidum ſedula ſternat avis:
Quos ubi ſurreptos caveâ ſuſpendit arator,
Hic quoque captivos provida mater alit.
Si muſcam, ſi vermem affert, ſi fortè cicadam,
Totus hiat nidus, conqueriturque famem.
Infelix in utroque parens! labor eſt peperiſſe,
Et labor eſt pullos non peperiſſe ſibi.

FINIS.